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LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

A STORY OF THE NEW JERSEY COAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY CONFESSION," "ZILLAH, THE CHILD-MEDIUM," ETC.

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CHAPTER V.

Ruth Hallowell sat meditating. By the light of a farthing candle in her cavern cell she had been reading these lines from the book placed in her hands the night before by Spitfire:—

"I grieve that sounds will rise and fall,
That odors will be wafted by,—
That all fair sights will live, and all—
All shall abide, *but I must die!*"

And from the problem of Death she had passed to that of Life, till her heart "grew sad as sad can be." The volume was new to her. It was a collection of fugitive poems on all subjects, but evidently carefully selected for their pervading purity of expression and sentiment. Occasionally the girl encountered one that made her draw in her breath, from the very oppressiveness of its passion and pride. Of such a class was the following. She read it with eager, flashing eyes. It seemed to be the language of her own heart:—

"THE SOUL'S DEFIANCE."

"I said to Sorrow's awful storm,
That beat against my breast,
Rage on—thou may'st destroy this form
And lay it low at rest;
But still the spirit that now brooks
Thy tempest, raging high,
Undaunted on its fury looks
With steadfast eye.

"I said to Penury's mengre train,
Come on—your threats I brave;
My last, poor life-drop you may drain,
And crush me to the grave;
Yet still the spirit that endures,
Shall mock your force the while,
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours
With bitter smile.

"I said to cold Neglect and Scorn,
Pass on—I heed you not;
Ye may pursue me till my form
And being are forgot;
Yet still the spirit which you see
Undaunted by your wiles,
Draws from its own nobility
Its high born smiles.

"I said to Friendship's menaced blow,
Strike deep—my heart shall bear;
Thou canst but add one bitter woe
To those already there;
And still the spirit that sustains
This last severe distress,
Shall smile upon its keenest pains
And scorn redress.

"I said to Death's uplifted dart,
Aim sure—oh, why delay?
Thou will not find a fearful heart—
A weak, reluctant prey;
For still the spirit firm and free,
Triumphant in the last dismay,
Wrapt in its own eternity,
Shall, smiling, pass away!"

The last word died away before Ruth was aware that she had been, in her enthusiasm, reading the poem aloud! She had forgotten everything, even her own identity, and thus delightfully interpreted, all the passion, the despair of the poem welled unconsciously from her lips. She was startled into self again by hearing these words uttered close at her side,

"What is that? May I look at it a moment?" and a hand was extended, till it touched, half impatiently, the book. Looking up in astonishment, Ruth saw the stranger standing grimly before her. She drew back in some alarm, proffering the volume, which he took, and quietly withdrew again to his bed of straw. It was the first time he had directly spoken to her.

Disappointed, irritated, at being thus brusquely deprived of her new found treasure, yet feeling, she knew not why, glad that the poem had found appreciation in another beside herself, Ruth sat down in a corner of the cell floor, with her elbows resting on her knees, her eyes gleaming like coals of fire, resolutely set herself to watch this man's face as he read. She could not but acknowledge to herself as she did so, that he who appreciates a fine sentiment in literature, is akin in rank to its originator.

Alternating on his pale, haggard face, she saw admiration and surprise as he perused additional verse of the poem.

"Grand!" she heard him murmur, as he carelessly turned the leaves of the volume after third and fourth perusal.

Ruth could not help it. She knew her opinions were not demanded; she knew he was now even aware of her presence, but from her obscure corner she put forth, smilingly, the words:—

"I think so, too! It is sublime,—it is a golden grain of actual poetry. I think so!"

"You! You think so?" He seemed suddenly to awaken. He turned around and looked at her keenly, and the labor-swollen hands supporting under her coarse, faded, cotton dress, the items in the observation that did not escape attention. "You!" he repeated, not without a slightly contemptuous accent, "and pray who are you?"

Assuredly the impatient stamp of one of the bare feet before-mentioned, denoted accuracy.

rately the state of mind in which its owner received this speech.

"Who am I?" she said, in a tone of frigid irritation "I am—I am—myself!"

"Thank you for the information. I should not have suspected the fact, I assure you."

And he turned grimly to the book again.

"Is this yours?" he inquired, at length.

"Yes. Give it to me." She reached out her hand haughtily.—The blood of rising anger colored even the extremities of her fingers, but her face was in no way indicative of wrath, other than in its cold, inanimate repose.

He did not rise, but indolently pushed the volume towards her on the floor, with the words,

"There it is,—thank you."

The man seemed to have the faculty of arousing evil in the breast of this young girl. This action made her cheeks burn with new displeasure.

"You shall bring it to me!" she cried, passionately. "I will not take it from you so!"

Jem Hallowell, who, at one side, was carving with his pocket knife, a toy from a piece of wood, now looked up and said,

"My stars, what a temper!" and concluded with a whistle that was more aggravating to his sister's feelings than all that had gone before.

Spurning the book with her feet, she passed quickly into the other room, where, casting herself on the various bales of goods with which it was strewn, she wept tears of anger, bitterness, and self condemnation.

It was not long before she knew some one was entering the apartment, and as she felt the book placed in her passive hands, she heard these words spoken:

"Here it is again—forgive my rudeness!"

She did not answer or look around, but as the steps receded from the room, she resolved mentally not to expose herself to another scene of the kind during her sojourn in the cavern.—She decided to confine herself to the room in which she was then located, leaving the other entirely to her brother and his irritating and irritable companion. Burying herself in her poems, she sought and found consolation.

Books are oblivion. Never yet was there a poor, weary, starved soul that did not, if seeking, find this forgetfulness. It is one of the most blessed of God's gifts to earth. And Ruth's soul was starved, famished to no ordinary degree. She had tasted, but tasted only, of the splendor of purely intellectual life, and a bitter hunger controlled her being for more of the great good. Therefore it was that in her book she found oblivion and peace, for the time.

The hours began to drag very heavily with all three of the inmates of the cavern. Each day saw them expectant of release, each night found them melancholy and despondent with defeated hope. Quarrels between Jem Hallowell and Spitfire grew incessant, while that important little woman never for one instant relaxed her tyranny over the stranger, whom now, by way of distinction, she designated "Old Boy." The title was resented invariably, but such unwise opposition as this only excited the more the woman's deplorable temper.

One day, after a terrible altercation between these two, which had even shocked Jem as well as his sister, Spitfire entered Ruth's room and asked her if she would like to walk up and down the cave awhile, by way of change of scenery. The girl joyfully consented, too grateful even for this temporary escape from her dismal confinement, and in an hour afterwards she found herself wandering back and forth, in company with her vigilant companion, however, over the white sandy floor of the cavern.

Again the glittering roof, resplendent with crystals, greeted her glad eyes, intensely thankful as they were for the blessed little rays of sunshine with which the place was penetrated. Again the sound of her voice, as it broke forth irresistibly, in light-hearted laughter or cheerful song, woke an hundred deep resounding echoes along the curving walls. She had lost now all fear of the spot, by contrast with the low, damp, unhealthy den where she had been imprisoned. It seemed to her like an enchanted palace. Grotesque goblins smiled glimmering smiles at her from the rocks, and strange, wild conceits peopled the entire place with beauty.

"You see, Miss Ruth," said Spitfire, in a confidential tone, as she walked demurely at the girl's side, "you see I only brought you out here 'cause I've got somethin' private to tell you. I wa'n't goin' to run the chance of the Old Boy hearin' of it. Look a here!"

She dived down in the pocket of her greasy apron, and brought out a letter in company with two pieces of cheese, a jack-knife, an extensive assortment of bits of tallow candles, and some stray coppers.

"Look a here! What do you think of *that?*"

"What is it?" cried Ruth, eagerly; "a letter for me?" and she put out her hand to take it.

But Spitfire withdrew a step or two, placed her lily finger on one side of her nose, and winked and whistled alternately.

"No yer don't, miss. 'Tain't for you, no how. It's for the Old Boy. I'll tell you all about it. Noah bid me. There, read the 'scription if you want to."

"I don't," said Ruth, turning away.

She would not have touched the letter now for scarcely any temptation. She recalled vividly the only conversation she had ever had with him for whom it was intended, and a supreme disgust for everything concerning him revived her indignation anew.

"You see, Miss Ruth, t'other day the Old Boy got round Noah, and coaxed him into gittin' him writin' paper and sich like, to send a letter to his folks ever so far off. Now, though *I say it as shouldn't say it, Noah Williams is* cute; undoubtedly he—is—cute. He made the Old Boy tell him every word in the letter 'fore he sent it, 'cause Noah is no scholard himself, and can't read. And, do you b'lieve he wa'n't even satisfied with that, but took it over in Jarsey (when he went to get a wial full of doctor stuff for the baby,) and showed it to somebody that wouldn't tell the boys here of it. There was nothin' in it to be afeerd of, so Noah sent it. The answer was to come to Jarsey, and Noah got it yesterday."

"Indeed!" said Ruth, beginning to move away.

"Yes, and now Noah wants you to look at it, Miss Ruth, to see if it is all right."

"Impossible! I never read or open other people's letters."

Spitfire was silent. Such an objection as this had not entered her imagination.

"Bother!" she ejaculated, sulking, "then the Old Boy will have to do without it. Nosh'll burn it up 'fore he'll give it to him, if he don't know there's no mischief in it."

"Will he?" asked Ruth, suddenly facing about.

"Yes, as sure as Scripter."

"That would be a pity," and she resumed her walk.

After awhile she came back to where Spitfire still stood, twisting the letter over her fingers, and uttering some quite audible blessings both on it and its writer.

"Let me see it," she said.

She took it and saw upon it these words:

Philip Ahrenfeldt,
Town of ——,
New Jersey.

Then she looked up and remarked, simply:

"You say that Noah wishes me to read this?"

"Yes, miss, and if you should tell me what's in it now, I can hand it over at once to the Old Boy himself. That is, if it is all straight."

"Very well."

With a firm touch she broke the seal and unfolded the paper. A bank bill rolled from it to her feet. She saw at a glance that Spitfire had not observed it, and to avoid its almost certain confiscation, she let it remain where it was, while she read aloud the letter. It contained merely expressions of condolence and a few words relating to the money, which seemed to be intended to defray the expenses of a return home. Ruth had the tact to omit the latter phrases, and coolly proffered back the epistle, saying that it was all right. Spitfire, however, declared herself to be in an "orful hurry," and asking the young girl to give it to its proper owner, opened the door of the principal cell, half-pushed her in, locked it upon her again, and was gone.

Almost before she was aware of the woman's intention, Ruth Hallowell found herself in the presence of her two fellow-prisoners, with the open letter in her hand. For a moment she felt her uncomfortable position in its most acute bearing, but she rallied immediately, and became, at least in outward appearance, as calm as usual.

Forlorn, indeed, was the picture the cell presented. On the straw pallet lolled indolently and listlessly her brother Jem; he looked up at her darkly as she entered, but met her glance in dogged silence; indeed, he had scarcely

THE OPENED LETTER.

spoken to her at all since the last night they had been together at the light. To the left of the door was a small shelf, on which generally burned the only candle that was allowed in this room; beneath this, on the floor, with his head hidden in his folded arms, sat the man who, though he knew it not, owed his life to the lighthouse keeper's daughter. His matted hair, his hollow cheeks, only partially concealed by the long, thin fingers, his evident ill-health, his despondent attitude, each spoke with piteous meaning to the beholder. The resentment the young girl experienced for a past offence, faded altogether away. As he had not moved since her entrance, she fancied that perhaps he slept; going up to him she touched him lightly on the shoulder. He was not sleeping, for immediately he raised his head, assuming an expression of cool inquiry on recognizing his visitor.

"*Will you tell* me your name?" she asked gently, disregarding whatever there was unpleasant in his demeanor. He looked at her in some surprise. Evidently he was in no communicative mood.

"Pray, what is my name to you or yours?" he demanded rather roughly.

"Nothing." She uttered the word with dignity, but stood as though yet awaiting a reply.

Her manner more than her answer seemed to arrest his attention.

"And what do you wish with my name? You see," he added, "in more senses than one, I will not have it taken in vain."

"Is it Ahrenfeldt—Philip Ahrenfeldt?"

The man's large, heavy eyes opened widely.

"How did you learn it, and pray why do you ask for it when you already know?"

"I did not *know* it—I conjectured it by this." And she placed the letter in his hands, the seal broken, the sheet unfolded.

He received it in ominous silence, turned it this way and that, examined it without and within, a portentous frown gathering meanwhile on his forehead.

Then he smote the letter passionately from him.

"Who did this? In the name of heaven who did this? Who *dared* to open it?"

"I did."

"*You!*"

"Yes, *I*, but—"

"You opened it! And you stand here defying me to my very teeth! You come to me, shamelessly—"

"Be still," said Ruth, "be still and listen to me."

"Listen to you? I will not! I know all I ever wish to know of you. If you were a man, there is nothing—no punishment I should deem too bad to inflict upon you. But you are a woman, or at least you bear the semblance of one;—and—say it again, tell me once more that it was you who opened that letter."

He strode up and down the narrow limits of the room, chafing with his great rage like a lion against the bars of his prison. Overwhelmed with dismay, Ruth leaned against the wall, pale and motionless. At last Mr. Ahrenfeldt paused before her, and eyeing her scornfully, asked:

"What tempted you—what knowledge of me were you striving after?"

"None," she replied, setting her lips firmly together.

"Oh! I understand. 'Twas just to while away an idle minute or two;—curiosity, the cause of original sin, had nothing to do with it. I feel enlightened."

"Mr. Ahrenfeldt, if you will allow me to make to you the explanation I have several times attempted to give, your satire will become useless. You interrupt—"

"Interrupt! I am to stand by I suppose and see my letters spied into with all the sweetness of a newly descended angel. And because you happen to be young, and, and—"

"Why do you not finish?" she asked, with an intense satisfaction at the annoyance she was about causing him. "I know what you were going to say. I saw your lips frame the word. Young and beautiful—go on."

"You are *not* beautiful," he said angrily, "and if I were about to use the term, it was because at that moment you appeared to me simply like a handsome fiend. Your gray eyes gleamed like hate, and—"

"*With* hate, perhaps," said Ruth coldly, "but finish, finish! 'Because you happen to be young'—" and she burlesqued his fiery tone.

"I *will* finish—Young—yes, because you are a woman and young. You think to presume upon me with impunity. Do you know that you have offended against the laws of the land you live in—that you merit well its extremest punishment for your crime?"

"Perhaps so," she said with returned composure, "I do not doubt you would dole it out to me in no stinted measure if you were able. But you have not told me if you found this important document satisfactory?"

"The devil!"

He resumed his walk, but far less impetuously than before. Observing this, and feeling in consequence altogether at her ease, Ruth began to experience a slightly malicious desire for some species of retaliation.

"Is there any news?" she asked, "really I think it is uncharitable in you not to enliven our solitude when you have the opportunity."

Her question was indiscreet, as she would have known, had she reflected.

"I scarcely consider it worth my while," replied Mr. Ahrenfeldt with sarcasm, "to retail anything second hand. As you have already perused the letter, it would be a mere matter of breath and time to repeat its contents to you. Otherwise," and he bowed profoundly in mock reverence, "I shou'd feel myself overwhelmed by the honor of such an expression of interest, emanating from *such* a source."

Confused, Ruth Hallowell looked half in pride, half in shame at the bare, discolored feet on which she saw his gaze was concentrated.

"I am the daughter of John Hallowell, the lighthouse keeper," she put forth with a display of girlish dignity, which, considering the circumstances, was rather amusing.

"Indeed!" was the ironical rejoinder, "allow me to congratulate you then, my charming Miss Hallowell, on your conspicuous and elevated position. I am really astonished, now I think upon it, that a person of your rank and distinction should condescend to pry into the letters of such an *humble* individual as myself." As he spoke, Mr. Ahrenfeldt stooped and picked up the object of the dispute from the floor, and proceeded to peruse it. Ruth saw that this was no time for explanation, because he was not in a state to receive it, and, glad to escape from the pointed, sarcastic, unanswerable abuse with which he had so far rewarded her, she glided quietly to the room she had appropriated as her own. She had been there but a few moments, when furiously the door that joined the two apartments was thrust open, and standing on the threshold she saw the person of her tormentor. Angered as his features had appeared before, they were now actually distorted with passion.

"Excuse me," he said in that tone of suppressed vehemence, with some men more expressive of utter rage than the form it assumes generally—"Excuse me, but you have overlooked something. The money! Do not *dare* to deny it. I am certain you have it about you." He advanced towards her almost menacingly. Ruth shrank from him in terror.

"I haven't it," she exclaimed desperately, "go away. Do not come near me. I would as soon touch your money as I would a viper. Go away."

But still he approached nearer. His hot, panting breath scorched her very face. She retreated to the wall. He followed.

"You haven't it!" he repeated sneeringly, "you haven't it, you little morsel of lamb-like innocence! Do you expect me to believe *that?*"

"No," said Ruth, overcome with fear, "I expect you to believe nothing. You are cruel. You refuse to hear my explanation—think what you choose. Only this, you *shall* believe—I have not touched your detested bank note—I would not if—"

"Bank note! There was a bank note then! How did you find that out, pray?"

"I saw it," was the fearless answer.

"Saw it! then you acknowledge?"

"I acknowledge nothing," cried Ruth, haughtily. "I have done only that which you yourself could not regret if you were aware of all. Let me pass."

"Not yet. I must and will understand this. Oh! if you were only a *man*—a man whom I could crush as I desire, and as you merit."

"My being a woman need not prevent the operation," was the irritated, defiant reply. "Crush me if you will—if you choose."

"She ventures to dare me—*she*—this girl, this letter-breaker—she *dares* me to injure her!" He murmured the words between his teeth, as though they were too plenteous in wrath to find absolute utterance. He released his hold upon her arm, however, and stepping back a pace or two, regarded her intently. For such hardihood as this he was evidently unprepared.

Again Ruth Hallowell's eyes were bent in shame upon her nude feet, (it was a strange, unaccountable, instinctive shame which she had never known till that day,) and consequently she was not aware of this fixed mocking gaze.

"Why do you not call your brother," he asked at length, "why do you not bring him to the rescue?"

"There is no need."

"You do not fear me?"

"No—or at least," she added, correcting herself, "I think I can endure whatever you choose to inflict, without invoking your passion on Jem likewise."

"What consideration! But come—this explanation, which you just now said I had refused to hear; let me have it—give it to me!"

"You seem to think," said Ruth, bitterly, "that you have only to command, to be obeyed. Are you almighty—irresistible? Is your will law?"

"What do you mean? You know as well as I, that if there is anything you can say to make clear this cursed affair, I have an indisputable right to it. You are correct. In this case, my will *is* law."

"Then," cried Ruth, vehemently, the blood mounting impetuously to her forehead, "then allow me to assure you, that for once your royal will has met with an intractable subject. You have insulted me. Not only do I withhold all explanation, but I command you to leave my room, and immediately. Whatever may be my position, whether beneath your own, or not, I am a woman, and as a woman, I am entitled to respect. Go away!"

He looked at her for a moment as though astonished at this burst of feminine, wounded feeling. Then, without a word, he moved towards the door, but on reaching it turned and said, gently,

"I may be mistaken in you. I hope I am. If I have been unmanly, violent, remember my immeasurable provocation, and judge me accordingly. To prove to you that I desire to give you the benefit of the doubt as to your good or evil intention in this business, I leave you, at once, as you desire—leave you without seeking or expecting the explanation which I still insist is my right, as it ought also to be your exculpation."

Without glancing at her again, he opened the door and closed it behind him.

Agitated, annoyed, and amazed, Ruth was once more alone. She cast herself carelessly on one of the huge bales of smuggled goods, which generally served her for a seat, the traces of excitement fading gradually from her cheek and eyes.

"What a strange, wild man," she said, musingly, "I think him excessively evil tempered, and very, very irritable—but is he after all, bad-hearted?"

CHAPTER VI.

That night, when Noah Williams came to the cavern, bringing with him the usual evening repast for its three inhabitants, he and Spitfire called Ruth aside for a little while, to ask about the letter which the latter had committed to her charge that morning.

"I gave it to him," evasively replied the young girl, when they questioned her. And farther than this she did not tell them. They had no particular reason for curiosity, and so the subject dropped. Ruth appeared depressed and listless. She had a pale, care-worn look on her handsome face, which was altogether foreign to it. Noah Williams observed this, almost immediately. Even his rough, unprincipled heart was touched at such evident suffering, in one who had often done him and his, deeds of active kindness.

"Why, Miss Ruth, you be very white as a ghost."

"I dare say," said the girl, faintly smiling, "I am so, so tired of this place. I want air, exercise. I believe I shall die, Noah, if you keep me here much longer."

"'Taint me, miss, as keeps you. If I had my own way, you should be up in the light to-morrow, ay, and Jem too, though he don't desarve it, Miss Ruth, he don't indeed. As for the other feller, I can't tell what the boys means to do with him."

"No harm, I hope?" inquired Ruth, wearily.

"Oh, laws, no, miss," rep'lied Noah, with a grin, and giving himself a shake, that seemed just to escape unsettling altogether, his loosely hung, awkward limbs, "oh laws, no. If the boys hadn't meant well by him, they wouldn't have taken the trouble to presarve his worthless life at all. Yes, Miss Ruth, if I had *my* will, you would be at the light this minute. But I has to foller the votes, you see, and the boys are all for keeping you here a few days longer. The weather and the tides has been orful agin us, and we haven't done the half we expected to by this time. But I be real *mad* to see you lookin' so white, Miss Ruth. Can't Spitfire do somethin' for ye—give ye some kind o' docter stuff?"

"No," said Ruth, laughing involuntarily at the thought of receiving Spitfire's prescriptions. "But I will tell you what you *can* do, Noah—shall I?"

"Yes, miss, sartainly—I'm sure you won't ask nothing unreasonable."

"Nor will I. I want, simply, that you will give me permission to exercise for a little while in the cave, each day that I am here. If you are afraid to trust me, Spitfire might stay by me. But exercise I *must* have."

"Afeered to trust you! Not a bit of it. You knows that well, Miss Ruth."

And so it was arranged that for an hour or so every morning, Ruth should have the privilege of walking in the cavern, within, however, some certain limits, which were designated by Noah Williams himself. The very next day Ruth availed herself of the permission. She was too well known—the utter integrity of her character was too familiar, to permit a doubt as to the propriety of trusting her with this partial liberty, important as might be the consequences to the smugglers should she violate her parole. Spitfire, it is true, acted somewhat the part of a guard, during these precious intervals of fresh air and health-restoring exercise, but it was not a constrained, officious watch, and the young girl felt almost as much at her ease as though she were conscious of none at all. In the demi-explorations she was thus allowed to make throughout the cave, she found that it was not as extensive by far, as she had previously imagined it to be. Spitfire, meanwhile, took all precautions to keep her from local discoveries, that would have resulted in further unpleasantness between her and the smugglers, and though Ruth had of course her suspicions as to the existence in the cavern of various places of concealment for contraband cargoes, she held her peace, and sought no vain knowledge.

Grateful for the little liberty she already enjoyed, the idea of risking it for curiosity's sake, was not to be entertained. She had a wild exhilerating pleasure in wandering at her leisure up and down those white sands, or in climbing the steep precipitous sides of the cave, and perching herself, like a mountain goat, on some high, overhanging crag, to look down upon the picturesque abyss from which she had just ascended. By this means, too, she discovered many curious antique shells which had probably lain there for centuries, unnoticed and unsought for by the frequenters of the cave. She gathered whole handfuls of them, in time, and preserved them carefully in her own room, that she might take them with her when she returned to the light, as mementoes of her strange adventure, and of her sojourn in this subterranean place. Some of them should be for her sister Sonora, that sister who was perhaps even now occupying her place at the lighthouse, fulfilling her duties and sustaining her aged parents under the trial of the involuntary absence of two of their children. Her sister! her own sister! the thought was pleasant. She tried to imagine what she must look like—and in her frequent moments of idleness, quite fashioned Sonora into a heroine, who, having become surfeited with the ways of the world and of society, was now come, just at the opportune moment to enlighten herself as to their proprieties and elegancies—she who so longed, so thirsted for such knowledge! She speculated many and many a weary hour away over the probable cause of this cherished sister's return to Lighthouse Island. Was she unhappy? Had her adopted mother abused the trust confided in her? Or was it merely the result of a desire to revisit the home of her childhood? Alas, no—she could not believe *that*, for well she remembered that Sonora, as well as herself, had suffered bitter privations in youth, hardships infinitely greater than those she had endured alone after her sister's departure, John Hallowell's circumstances being altogether more straightened then, than now, because he had since received an increase in his salary as an officer of the government. What, then, had occasioned Sonora Hallowell to venture on this step? Ruth could but wonder in silence, fearing, as she hoped, and rejoicing as she doubted. Sonora was coming! That was enough.

One morning Ruth was walking rapidly up and down the cave, at that part where the door of her own room opened into it. She had left it unfastened, that a free current of air might enter to purify its stagnated atmosphere, and Spitfire, from some occupation within the chamber, every now and then called to her as she passed. Presently Ruth began singing snatches of songs, modulating one into another with an untaught, wild skill, that even to experienced listeners would not have been without its charm; embryo talents having always an attractive freshness.

Drawn by the sounds, Spitfire advanced from the little room, and knitting in hand, seated herself on the rocks, now and then looking up at her young companion as she paced back and forth before her. Once, grinning with delight when a quaint ditty more familiar to her than the rest, struck her attention, Spitfire requested a repetition of "that air jolly one," and Ruth thus made aware of her presence, very smilingly complied. Her voice was not a remarkable one, and it had little about it to excite admiration, excepting a certain quality of freshness, which a musician invariably esteems agreeable. When speaking, this characteristic was even more apparent than when singing. Ruth knew nothing of music as a science, but a correct taste, a good heart and a consciousness of intellect, made her, avoid naturally, glaring errors, and accept instead a quiet, undemonstrative, but expressive method of her own. That morning, Ruth happened to be in almost wild spirits; the prospect of a speedy release, together with the exhileration of exercise, added to the general gaiety of her disposition. She scrambled up and down the rocks—she laughed aloud at the odd effect of the reverberating echoes, and danced hither and thither like a goblin escaped from elf-land, singing the most frantic, wierdest airs she could recall to memory, and improvising to each one, rude, fantastic refrains, such as were never heard before or since. And all the while Spitfire sat by with open mouth and eyes, an appreciative spectator.

At last Ruth amused herself by climbing to an elevation much higher than the others.—Perching herself on its extremity, she called laughingly and with burlesque dramatic action to Spitfire to look upward. There was no need. Spitfire had dropped her knitting, and with eyes distended to almost double their ordinary size, sat gazing at the young girl through the sort of hazy twilight that reigned perpetually in the place during the hours of the day.

"Lor, Miss Ruth, if you don't seem jist like a play-actor woman, I declare!"

"Do I?" asked Ruth, with a merry laugh; "how funny! Well, now, Spitfire, this is such a capital place to stand and 'do the gestures,' that I must sing you another song—something that will surpass the others all hollow."

"That couldn't be!" said Spitfire, with solemn admiration. "Couldn't be, no ways, Miss Ruth. That 'ere jolly one can't be beat!"

And she shook her head disdainfully at the profane idea. Ruth laughed again, a long, lingering, cheerful laugh, that filled the air like sunshine.

"Well," she said, "if you don't want me to sing, I'll recite verses. How will you like that?"

"Portry?" asked Spitfire. "First rate, Miss Ruth."

So Ruth gaily established herself in a mock-tragic position.

"I dare say you will not understand one word, Spitfire," she said, by way of prologue, "but as you will not be in that respect very different from audiences in general, I shall expect you to appear highly delighted."

"Sartain," said Spitfire, her pinched, unwomanly face quite aghast with wonder and admiration.

"You see these bits of shining spar; these shall be my footlights; look, I am going to place them at the edge of this little platform; so; that is quite grand. Now for it!"

"Oh, wait a minute, Miss Ruth, *do*," cried Spitfire. "I don't know what's the matter with me, but I want to larf *orful*. You won't be mad?"

"Not at all," said Ruth, stooping to re-arrange her spar-footlights, "laugh as much as you choose, Spitfire!"

So Spitfire, without further delay, broke into a loud, shrill burst of piping laughter, that seemed, in a measure at least, to relieve her pent-up feelings. The instant she had finished, her queer face resumed its usual gravity as she remarked, coolly,

"That's all at present. Now, go ahead."

"You are quite sure you have finished, Spitfire?" asked Ruth, solemnly; "because I am about to give you something excessively tragic; something, Spitfire, that will make your hair stand on end—something that—"

"Oh, Lor, Miss Ruth, don't—don't!"

Ruth Hallowell scarcely seemed to hear the words. She stood on the rocks, her arms folded, her eyes cast upward to that magnificent arch of massive stone, thinking; thinking over all the fragmentary poetry which for years had lain dormant in her memory, hesitating again and again on which to fix her choice. During this interval she forgot altogether to whom she was about reciting; her color kindled; she did not remember even her own identity, and when at last, in a low, unequal voice, she began repeating these few fugitive verses, no one would have recognized her as the merry Ruth Hallowell of the previous half-hour. There was a certain aberration of manner about her which proved conclusively that somewhere in her deep heart she realized the words her lips framed. It was a little poem called

OLIVE.

'Neath the purple shadows flitting
Over yonder mountain-side,
Where the Autumn, crowned, is sitting,
Laid we Olive when she died—
Olive, proud though patient-eyed.

Fitfully the winds are sighing
O'er the lone and wooded spot,
Where in solemn peace is lying
She whose memory dieth not.
Beauty high, yet sweet and tender,
Once illumed that faded brow,
Which in lost and darkened splendor
Lies beneath the green sod now;
All the lofty, long-despairing,
All the passion vain as deep,
Which her woman's heart was bearing
In a fierce, though noble daring,
With her there in silence sleep.

If her days were dark and lonely,
If her life was tempest-tossed,
Sure, the Bridge which she has crossed
Leadeth up to Heaven only,
And her soul its pain has lost!

One fair day, when shame was beaming
In her mild and restless eye,
Down by waters brightly gleaming
Olive sadly wandered, dreaming
Over other days gone by.

Then, with mad and sudden motion
Of her white arms tossed in air,
In that bright exulting ocean
Buried she her deep despair;
And her love, her wronged devotion,
Pure as she herself was fair,
Perished with her then and there!

'Neath the purple shadows flitting
Over yonder mountain side,
Where the Autumn, crowned, is sitting,
Laid we Olive when she died—
Olive, proud though patient-eyed.

Ruth's aspect as she began was cold, almost impassible, yet she had given utterance to but few lines, before she progressed to a vitality, an intensity and vigor of elocution worthy, perhaps, a better subject. There was indeed the abandon of genius in the tones of her voice, the glitter of her eyes, and her proud, graceful, unstudied action, as she told of Olive's

"Fierce though noble daring."

A little farther on where it speaks of the "mad and sudden motion of her white arms tossed in air," Ruth sprang forward with such wild, passionate and involuntary action to the very edge of the platform, that more than one voice broke the silence with indications of alarm. Looking downward, recalled at once to reality by the sound, Ruth Hallowell saw Mr. Ahrenfeldt standing just without her room, where, on finding that the door of connection between his own and it had been accidentally left unlocked, he had been attracted by the noise of Spitfire's prolonged laughter.

"Bravo!" he cried, "but how dared you take that leap?"

"What leap?" demanded Ruth haughtily, excessively annoyed that any one beside Spitfire should have witnessed the scene that had just taken place.

"What leap! You cannot so soon have forgotten it, I am sure. *I* have not. My blood is still at freezing point."

"Powerful putty, wa'nt it?" said Spitfire, rising and putting up her knitting, with a significant glance towards the open door beyond. "Miss Ruth, I guess we can't spare time for no more singin' to-day. We'll preserve the rest for some futer period. Will you obligerate, me both of you, by goin' to where you came from?"

An hour or so afterwards, Jem Hallowell entered his sister's little domain, bearing a message from Mr. Ahrenfeldt, to the effect, that if Ruth had no objections, he should like five minutes conversation. The request was made in such an evident spirit of humility, that the girl could not reject it, more particularly that being human, and having no little share of a woman's proverbial curiosity, she felt piqued to know what could be the subject of the desired interview. That she retained no very agreeable recollection of the last and only time they were alone together, was very evident to Mr. Ahrenfeldt, as following closely upon his messenger, she advanced, in obedience to the expected summons into the little room. Ruth's reception of her visitor, was characterized by a species of severe politeness, which would have been amusing, had it not been annoying. And man of the world as was Philip Ahrenfeldt, he was indeed both annoyed and confused in the presence of this simple-minded country girl.

"I am very sorry," he began, "I regret my words to you the other day, more than I can well express; I did not know the true facts of that detested affair, until a little while ago, after a conversation with Spitfire. You must have thought me basely ungrateful."

"I did," said Ruth, frigidly, "but it was an ingratitude I easily pardoned, when I remembered your unconsciousness of the circumstances."

There was an uncomfortable silence.

"Can you, and will you pardon such vehemence, such ungenerosity, such—"

"Certainly," said Ruth, readily but coldly, "I had almost forgotten everything about it."

Mr. Ahrenfeldt raised his eyes suddenly, and looked at her curiously. Ruth's self-possession began to grow visibly less.

"You are mistaken," he remarked, still gazing at her face, "you have not forgotten it in the most remote degree."

She colored, as she exclaimed with some embarrassment,

"I have—or at least—I may—I *shall* forget it, if I have not altogether done so now."

"No," said Mr. Ahrenfeldt, coolly, "do not believe it. You *never* will forget that day. Remember, this is my prophecy."

"And pray," demanded Ruth, now vexed beyond control, "pray, what are you, that your prophecies should be anything to me?"

"What am I?" he sat down on one of the bales, and laughed quietly. "That is almost equal to the honest question, which, (if you have not forgotten that, too,) you may remember, I asked you one day. It was '*who* are you?' Come! ask it of me now, and I will answer."

"I care neither for the question nor answer."

"Why do you not add, nor for the answeror either?"

"Because that is already decisively understood."

"Good! I see you are disposed to be candid, if you *have* an indifferent memory. Well, we will allow the question to be understood too, and although it has not been uttered, I am going to reply to it. Will you not sit down while I do so?"

"I prefer standing."

"Indeed! That is a singular preference.—You will excuse me if I retain my own comfortable seat? Well, now for the answer. However, let me inquire first if you have ever heard, by chance, perhaps, of one Sonora Hallowell?"

"Sonora!" cried Ruth, forgetting all irritation in her great surprise; "tell me what you know of her—Sonora is my sister!"

"So I have already conjectured; in fact, this morning I was certain of it."

"Have you seen her? do you know her? Tell me about her!—how strange, how very strange this is! Sonora! Is not this very, very singular?"

"Very singular," replied Mr. Ahrenfeldt, calmly picking up a stick and writing on the sandy floor; "very singular, indeed!"

Ruth had advanced close beside him, but in her excitement she became totally oblivious of the proximity. Her companion was evidently too much interested in his new occupation to observe it himself. There was a slight pause.

"Well," said Ruth, impatiently, "why don't you speak?"

"Speak?" echoed Mr. Ahrenfeldt, looking up, obliquely. "What would you have me say?"

"Anything—I am waiting to hear you."

"Are you?" he added, still continuing to write. "It is rather remarkable that I should have been doing the same thing for you. Suppose we speak both at once?"

Ruth turned away indignantly.

"You are trifling with me!" she exclaimed; "I was wrong to have allowed myself to become interested in what you said. I should have foreseen—"

But with an exclamation she broke off abruptly. As she moved away she had caught a full view of the characters her companion was graving in the sand. It was simply one name—his own; written over and over again, sometimes accompanied with delicate feminine embellishments, sometimes standing boldly and distinctly alone.

"Oh, that name, that name!" cried Ruth, suddenly enlightened. "How stupid, that the similarity did not strike me before! Sonora's adopted mother is an Ahrenfeldt!"

"And is this the first time that the idea has occurred to you?" he inquired, giving a grand flourish to his last signature; "is it possible that you and I have been living in this wretched den more than a whole week together, without having the most remote suspicion of the sort of connection existing between us?"

"I confess I do not see the connection even now."

"There is none, excepting that your sister, by birth, is mine by adoption. That is all."

"Then," said Ruth, with a sense of relief at having penetrated the mystery, "you must be the little Fred with whom, when Sonora and I corresponded, she used to write she was constantly in warfare."

"Not at all. I have only the honor to be the combative Mr. Fred's elder brother, at your service."

"Brother! Then you are the one who went abroad? I remember there were two Messrs. Ahrenfeldt. I do not think I have ever heard your name mentioned."

"Possibly not," he rejoined, carelessly, and then instantly he added, half-laughing, "but you have *seen it written*."

"I had forgotten," she said, reddening, and a silence ensued for some moments.

"Will you not sit down now?" at length asked Mr. Ahrenfeldt. "Will you not sit down now, sister Ruth?"

She colored, and with a gesture of impatience declined the proffered seat.

"So," he said, "you will not be my sister?"

"No," said Ruth, fearlessly, "I will not have the title desecrated in that way. It should be sacred always. Besides, I cannot but recall how, not long ago, in the very same tone in which you used that word 'sister,' you denominated me a handsome fiend. You must excuse my candor, but, notwithstanding this discovery, I am not, if I shall ever be, prepared to receive or acknowledge you as a friend. I tell you frankly, that I do not like you, worse, I think at this moment I could almost hate you, and your being the adopted brother of my only sister shall not bribe me into false appearances."

"In all that you are quite correct," said Mr. Ahrenfeldt with composure, "and for the present we will waive the obnoxious title. As to the other, and still more offensive one, I will not even ask you to recall the apparent provocation that gave rise to it, but simply trust to your generosity to forgive and forget. It was drawn from me in a moment of passion, when enfeebled by ill health, and that hope deferred, which I believe is said to make the heart sick, I could not control properly either myself or my temper, which is none the best under any circumstances."

"That is precisely the conclusion at which I have arrived," said Ruth drily.

"As to your desire to hate me," continued Mr. Ahrenfeldt, scarcely heeding the interruption, "allow me to say that to that I have not the least objection in the world. Hate me, if you choose, deeply, intensely, bitterly. The more the better. And do not, I beg of you, abate one jot of your dislike on the ground that I or my family have befriended your sister. Is it settled? Do you agree to disagree?"

The words were fair and frank enough. It was the furtive smile that accompanied them which displeased. She was glad when he rose to return to his room. Just as he had his hand on the knob, she bethought herself suddenly of something which it was necessary to make known to him.

"Wait one moment, I have an explanation to render. You have apologized to me. Otherwise you should never have heard what I am about to say. That money—that bill—"

"My dear Miss Hallowell," he said, facing her at once, "I beg you will not mention anything connected with that horrible business of the letter. If the money is lost it can be replaced. There is plenty more where that came from. All you can say on the subject will, I assure you, be quite unnecessary, because my sense of your entire integrity could not be established on a firmer foundation than it is. I have faith, perfect, implicit faith in you as regards this affair. Whatever you have done, I am convinced you did under a conviction of duty. From the hour when you commanded me to leave this room, and boldly affirmed the dignity of your position as a woman, I felt that I had wronged you even by a suspicion. Since my talk with Spitfire I have become sure of it."

"You *did* wrong me," said Ruth eagerly, her lips quivering with emotion she found difficult to repress, "and I am thankful you have ceased to harbor the idea. Still, that does not render my personal exculpation less imperative. As I unfolded your letter, the bill, unnoticed by Spitfire, rolled down on the sand, and afterwards she did not give me time or opportunity to pick it up. I should not have opened the letter only that otherwise, it would never have reached you at all. Are you satisfied?"

"I was thoroughly satisfied before you began," he said, twisting with both hands the ends of his moustache. "And I am now reminded to tell you that I am afraid, by my interview with Spitfire this morning, I have removed you from her good graces. In speaking of the letter, and while listening to a long account of the whys and wherefores of its having been opened, I let fall, accidentally, something concerning the money. Good powers! you should have seen the rage into which she flew! Absolutely she grew black in the face! She declared you had deceived her—that she knew nothing of any money—and went away, as usual, banging the door after her, and, what is not usual, swearing all sorts of vengeance against you."

"I am sorry," said Ruth gravely. "I suppose that now I shall have no more walks in the cave. I am very sorry."

"Do you regret it so much? I had no idea it was a matter of any consequence to you."

"It is of consequence so far as regards my health, but no further. Good-morning."

"I see you wish to be rid of me. I am going. Yet first tell me, should I contrive to settle this affair with Spitfire, amicably, have you any objection to my joining you in your walk to-morrow morning?"

"You cannot settle it—I am sure of it. Spitfire's confidence in my integrity is destroyed."

"Leave all that to me. Will you, or will you not allow me to walk with you?"

"It is not worth while to answer that question either negatively or affirmatively, because I am entirely certain that even should the woman's belief in me be restored, you would not be permitted, during your confinement here, a similar privilege."

"Do you think so," he said, with some little display of piqued power.

"I more than think so. I have already told you of my conviction as to the *certainty* of the thing."

"Very well. To-morrow, at this time, we shall have seen which of our presentiments is fulfilled. Give me, meanwhile, your permission to join you."

"If I do so," said Ruth, annoyed at his persistence, "if I do so, remember it is not because I like you or wish to like you. You force the truth from me. Go! if you can, or if you choose! I have no desire to deprive you of the benefit of the change of scene, if fortune places it in your power."

"Your frankness is annihilating," said Mr. Ahrenfeldt, with an ironical obeisance. "It is settled, then."

And as he went away, Ruth stood gazing at her coarse dress and the bare feet beneath it, with that indefinable, intuitive sense of shame burning again in her breast.

"How strange," she said, "that I did not ask more about Sonora—dear, dear Sonora!"

The next morning, when Spitfire came to the cave, Ruth heard, for a long while, her shrill, disagreeable voice in stormy argument with the more sonorous organ of Mr. Ahrenfeldt. She could not, through the closed door, distinguish a word of the conversation, but judged from the woman's high, angry tones that it was but a repetition of the contest that took place so frequently between them. At length, the tumult ceased, and Spitfire, entering Ruth's little room, gruffly but civilly bade her the usual "good morning," and signified that she was at liberty to take her daily walk. Ruth needed no second bidding, and discreetly kept her wonder to herself, as she availed herself of the permission. Her astonishment increased when she discovered, standing without the doorway as she passed into the cave, and apparently awaiting her coming—Mr. Ahrenfeldt. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE NEW-MOWN HAY.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

When swallows dart from cottage eaves,
And farmers dream of barley sheaves;
When apples peep amid the leaves,
And woodbines scent the way—
We love to fly from daily care,
To breathe the buxom country air—
To join our hands and form a ring—
To laugh and sport, and dance and sing,
Amid the new-mown hay.

A stranger comes with eyes of blue;
Quoth he, "I'm Love, the young and true;
I wish to pass an hour with you,
This pleasant summer day."
"Come in, come in, you saucy elf!
And who's your friend?" "'Tis Friendship's self."
"Come each—come both, our sports to share;
There's welcome kind, and room to spare,
Amid the new-mown hay."

The ring is formed; but who are these?
"Come, tell your errand, if you please;
You look so sour and ill at ease,
You dim the face of day."
"Ambition!" "Jealousy!" and "Strife!"
And "Scorn!" and "Weariness of Life!"
"If such your names, we hate your kin;
The place is full, you can't come in
Amid the new-mown hay."

Another guest comes bounding by,
With brow unwrinkled, fair and high—
With sun-burnt face and roguish eye,
And asks your leave to stay.
Quoth he, "I'm Fun, your right good friend!"
"Come in, come in, with you we'll end!"
And thus we frolic in a ring—
And thus we laugh and dance and sing,
Amid the new-mown hay.

A FEW THINGS ABOUT TOBACCO.

The introduction of tobacco into the Eastern hemisphere is exceedingly doubtful as to date and origin. In 1492 Christopher Columbus discovered the population of Cuba inhaling the vapors of the plant for which that island is still celebrated. In 1559, it was imported into Spain and Portugal, by Hernandez de Toledo. In 1560, Jean Nicot, the French Ambassador in Portugal of Francis the First, introduced the herb into his native country. Meyen informs us that the consumption of tobacco in China is enormous, and the custom of great antiquity. On very old sculptures, he has observed tobacco-pipes of the form still in use. The plant which furnishes the Chinese with tobacco is said to grow wild in the East Indies—and the tobacco plant of Eastern Asia is quite different from the American species. Moreover, in the tombs opened during the last expedition to China, a pipe was always found placed near the dead.

Sandys, writing in 1610, mentions smoking tobacco as a custom recently introduced at Constantinople by the English. But Lieut. Walpole speaks of an old Arabic MS. at Mosul, in the first chapters of which the author declares that Nimrod was a smoker; and there exists at the British Museum an Assyrian cylinder whereon may be seen a king smoking, through a long reed, from a round vessel. The same author narrates a Persian legend, to the effect that Shiraz tobacco was given by a holy man to a virtuous youth, disconsolate at the loss of a loving wife. "Go to thy wife's tomb," said the anchorite, "and there thou wilt find a weed. Pluck it, place it in a reed, and inhale the smoke as you put fire on it. This will be to you wife and mother, father and brother," continued the holy man in Homeric strain, "and, above all, will be a wise counsellor, and teach thy soul wisdom and thy spirit joy."

Some of the greatest names in literature and science have been advocates and votaries of the art. Lord Bacon says of tobacco, that "no doubt it hath power to lighten the body and to shake off uneasiness." "Warburton," Mr. Steinmetz informs us, "was a most inveterate smoker. So was Sir Isaac Newton." Of the latter an anecdote is related, that he daily went to smoke his pipe in the society of a lady, who thence considered herself the object of his attentions. Daily did she expect some declaration; but in vain. He sat contemplating her in silence through the delicious mists of his own compelling. One day, however, after sitting some time apparently in deep thought, he moved his chair towards her. The moment was at length arrived. Her soft heart palpitated at his approach, as he drew his chair nearer and nearer. Now he is by her side. He takes her lily hand, which lies unresisting in his. He selects the fairy index, and with it firmly presses the tobacco in his pipe-bowl—then resuming his original position! In modern days the use of tobacco is consecrated by the greatest minds of the age. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has apostrophized smoking. Mr. Tennyson is said to have symbolized the practice in his "Lotus-Eaters." Barthelemy, a French poet, has devoted a whole poem to celebrate this pursuit. On the other hand, many great names have declared against it, including Napoleon the Great, who having been unable to undergo the ordeal of a first pipe, stigmatized it as a habit only fit to amuse sluggards. Our own opinion, founded on close observation, and the judgments of scientific men, is adverse to it. It is objectionable on the score of sweet breath and cleanliness, and is also very injurious to health and life.

THE DOCTORS IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.—Surgeons, according to Arden, quoted by Andrews, used at this time to take bonds of their patients, to make certain of their reward for a cure. "They who practised as medical men, says Caulisco, quoted by Henry, 'may be divided into five classes. The first applied poultices to all wounds and abscesses. The second, for the same cases, used wine only. The third treated wounds with ointments and soft plasters. The fourth, who generally followed the army, used charms, potions, oil, and wool. The fifth were old women chiefly, who in all cases had recourse to the saints.'"

GOD'S PURPOSES IN ALL THINGS.

We know not the eternal purposes of God. We look at the immediate and transient result, not at the ultimate and permanent. Thus, the mariner cannot come to port by reason of the storm and rocks which obstruct his course; he thinks the weather imperfect, the world not well made, and you often hear men say:—"How beautiful the world would be if there were no storms, no hurricanes, no thunder and lightning." While, if we could overlook the cosmic forces which make up the material world, we should see that every storm and every rock was needful; and the world would not be perfect and accomplish its function, had not each been just in its proper time and place. An oak tree in the woods appears quite imperfect. The leaves are coiled up and spoiled by the leaf-roller; cut to pieces by the tailor-beetle, eaten by the bag-mouth and the polyphemus, the slug caterpillar and her numerous kindred; the twigs are sucked by the white-lined tree-hopper, or cut off by the oak pruner; the horn-bug, the curculio and the timber-beetle eat up its wood; the gad-fly punctures leaf and bark, converting the forces of the tree to that insect's use; the grub lives in the young acorn; fly-catchers are on its leaves; a spider weaves his web from twig to twig; caterpillars of various denominations gnaw its tender shoots; the creeper and the woodpecker bore through the bark; squirrels—striped, flying, rod and gray—have gnawed in'o its limbs and made their nests; the toad has a hole in a flaw of its base; the fox has cut asunder its fibrous roots in digging his burrow; the bear dwells in its trunk, which worms, emmets, bees, and countless insects have helped to hollow; ice and the winds of winter have broken off full many a bough. How imperfect and incomplete the oak tree looks, so broken, crooked, cragged, gnarled and grim! The carpenter cannot get a beam, the millwright a shaft, or the ship-builder a solid knee for his purpose; even the common woodman spares that tree as not worth felling; it only cumbers the ground. But it has served its complicated purpose, given board and lodging for all these creatures, from the ephemeral fly, enjoying his transient summer, to the brawny bear for many a winter hiburnating in its trunk. It has been a great woodland caravansary, even a tavern and a chateau, to all that heterogeneous swarm; and yet no man but a painter thinks it a perfect tree—and he only because the picturesque thing serves his special purpose—but no doubt the good God is quite contented with his oak, and says:—"Well done, good and faithful servant." He designed it to serve these manifold uses, and to furnish beauty for the painter's picture and meaning for the preacher's speech. Doubtless it enters into the joy of its Lord, having completely served His purpose. He wanted a caravansary and chateau for those uncounted citizens. To judge of it we must look at all these ends, and also at the condition of the soil that had a superabundance of the matter whereof oak trees are made.

We generally look on the world as the carpenter and millwright on that crooked oak, and because it does not serve our turn completely, we think it an imperfect world. Thus men grumble at the rocky shores of New England, its sterile soil, its winters long and hard, its cold and biting springs, its summers brief and burning, and seem to think the world is badly put together. They complain of wild beasts in the forest, of monsters in the sea, of toads and snakes, vipers and many a loathsome thing—hideous to our imperfect eye. How little do we know! a world without an alligator, or a rattlesnake, a hyena or a shark, would doubtless be a very imperfect world. The good God has something for each of these to do; a place for them all at His table, and a pillow for every one of them in Nature's bed.—*Parker.*

A DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY.—At Fort Dallas, Florida, mosquitoes are so plentiful that both officers and men rave; the guard on duty pass their whole time under bars. The sentry is provided with a mosquito veil, or rather bag, to be thrown over the head, and kept out from the face by a hoop; woolen clothes, boots and gauntleted gloves protect the limbs and body from their murderous attacks. Persons who have not experienced the beauty of everglade life will scarcely believe that horses and cattle are actually bled to death in a single night; and woe be to that soldier or seaman who, by means of liquor, loses command of himself and falls to the ground, helpless and unprotected—these insatiable vampires will fasten their fangs upon him, and draw from his besotted body whatever fevered blood remains.

A Key West correspondent, writing on the 21st ultimo, says that the people there were in the midst of a "heated term" so oppressively warm that animal exertion was entirely suspended, and vegetable life almost paralyzed. He observes:—"The heavy rains of the early part of the month filled the ponds with fresh water, and the ninth day after the first fall the hum of the forthcoming host was heard. They are now a perfect pest. Man and beast suffer alike. The cattle, dogs and poultry are kept awake the live-long night with such concerts as proceed from the united bellowing of two hundred cows, the howlings of seven hundred and fifty dogs, and the crowing of forty roosters, spurred on by the applause of an audience of myriads of mosquitoes."

AN UNPOPULAR SERMON.—A clergyman in the vicinity of Auburn, New York, was lately suspected of preaching heresy. The Presbytery came together to investigate his case. The suspected brother asked that he might have the privilege of setting forth his views in a sermon, which was granted. The sermon was preached, and every member of the Presbytery pronounced it heretical, and much of it absurd. After a whole day had been spent in condemning him and his sermon, the poor man arose, and remarking that he saw they had come determined to find him guilty, said:—"I have a disclosure to make, which will be most painful to you. That sermon which I read to you, was *Dr. Chalmers's Thirty-second Lecture on Romans!*" The Presbytery immediately adjourned *sine die*.

☞ The woman who made a pound of butter out of the cream of a joke, and a cheese from the milk of human kindness, has since washed the close of a year, and hung 'em dry on a bee line.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of the POST is $2 a year *in advance*—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

The POST is believed to have a larger country circulation than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

The POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of the POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer. Owing, however, to the great and increasing demand for the Paper, those wishing back numbers had better apply as early as possible, our rule being "First come, first served."

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest, are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:

WILLIAM HOWITT, (of England,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, EMMA ALICE BROWNE, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the following novelet, WHICH WILL BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

The following—WHICH WILL ALSO BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH ENGRAVINGS—will be published in due season:—

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY,

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

In addition to our original novelets, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined: "Lights of the City;" "Meditations;" "To Matilda."

VIOLA VANE, respectfully declined.

LOCUST TREES. Any time after the frost takes the leaves off in the fall, and as early in the spring as the frost will permit, is the time for planting locust trees.

THE BRITISH IN INDIA.

One of the really serious events of the day—of which the latest steamer brings us the minute details—is the tremendous revolt of the native troops and people in India. So broad and serious is this insurrection, that the British Government has finished the work which the sepoy soldiers began, by disbanding the remaining twenty of the mutinous seventy-six regiments, so that the Bengal army is now dissolved. Everywhere throughout India the feeling of the natives against the British is desperate and deep. The power of the British Government in that country is trembling to its foundations. Whether the popular earthquake will resume its throes, and throw down that colossal structure of misrule and oppression, cemented together with the best blood of Hindostan, is yet to be seen. The final result of this wild and fierce fermentation of native feeling, is not to be foretold; but the matter looks very serious, and the omens are against Great Britain.

The explanation of the insurrection, as given by the English journals, is, briefly, that the natives became in some way possessed with the idea that their religion was to be interfered with, and consequently rose in rebellion. But when we consider the character of the British policy in India, and the practices of the British officials in that country from their first year of occupation, we need be at little pains to divine that the real cause for the rebellion may be found in that feeling of intense, burning exasperation and hatred which long years of insolent oppression must have engendered in the people of Hindostan, and which any trivial circumstance might at any time call into action. This feeling has undoubtedly been aggravated by a state of circumstances recently described in Parliament by Lord John Russell and others, which may be briefly stated as follows. In former times both civil and military officers went to India with the understanding that they were to spend their life-time, so to speak, in that country, and they therefore accustomed themselves to consider it as their permanent home, and became in a great degree intimate with the character and conditions of its society and life, and also in a great measure practically identified therewith, and assimilated thereto. Hence they were, in some sort, regarded as natives, and not aliens, and the consequences of their residence and rule were only the ordinary consequences of any ordinary tyranny. But of late years, it seems that the government has sent men to India—true snobs—who have only remained in the country for a certain season, or who have oscillated between India and England, and who have been at great pains to show the natives that they are not at all related to them either in blood, sentiment, or interest, and have also been accustomed to treat them with all manner of insolence and ignominy. Hence the native soldiery, constantly insulted and outraged by those supercilious scamps, and constantly cherishing in their hearts a sullen and sultry rage, have long been in a good condition for open rebellion. The intensity of their hatred for their officers, as well as for all other Europeans, may be judged by the vigor and ferocity of the massacre they perpetrated at Delhi and other places, as well as by their present implacable resistance.

It may be that we shall soon hear of the complete suppression of the revolt by the English authorities, and the thorough reinstatement of the British power in India. It is possible, too, that this is but the beginning of a movement by which India will be lost to Great Britain. We hope it is. We have always done the British Government and people justice, and while we speak frankly of their faults, we speak as frankly of their merits and are their well wishers and friends. We cannot wish them well in a better way than by wishing they may lose India as they lost America. True—it would be a serious pecuniary loss to them; it would be besides a transient commercial injury to other nations, America included, who have interests there. But it might possibly teach them, as well as other nations, that the everlasting law of justice is not to be violated with impunity. We say, possibly, for we know that nations are too apt to drop the lessons of their experience. But there is always a chance that the latest warning may be taken to heart: and if Britain learned little when she lost her American colonies, she might learn more by the loss of her possessions in the East.

The conduct of the British Government towards India constitutes no ordinary violation of right. The British supremacy in that country is bottomed on the most mean and monstrous wrong that ever sullied the history of nations. We have had occasion to speak heretofore, sternly and strongly, of the character of Rome. But Rome invaded and subjugated the world for a sentiment—that sentiment the military greatness and national glory of the Roman State—the passion and the pride of domination. Her national existence was a constant crime, but the crime was not devoid of an infernal grandeur. The subjugation of India by the British power was, on the contrary, robbery for the low lust of gain. It was the pedlar of Liverpool and Manchester—with his pack of cottons and calicoes on his back, and his Bible in his pocket—putting a pistol to the ear of the victim on whose neck he has his heavy heel, and saying, "Give me all you've got, buy everything I have, and serve my interests henceforth on my own terms, or I'll blow your brains out." That is Great Britain's figure and attitude and speech the wide world over, and they were the same in India as elsewhere. Her subjugation of that country was shameless public robbery and murder for commercial ends, with that superadded accumulation of subsequent tyranny, cruelty, insolence, and various vicioneness on which Edmund Burke left an indelible brand, in his philippic against Warren Hastings. To think that such a crime as this could go unpunished, would be to doubt the justice of God.

We do not desire Great Britain's downfall. On the contrary, we desire her long and prosperous duration, and it is because we desire this, that we wish some such calamity as the loss of her East Indian possessions, might befall her, hoping that she might thus learn that honesty is the only policy, and hoping also, that other nations might profit by her example. There is too much theft in this world—too much domination of the strong over the weak—too much crushing out and putting down—both by the cruel hand and the crafty brain. Twice blessed then would be any national calamity or disaster, which would instruct men that only they who win by justice and gentleness win truly—that the sure result of every other conquest, is insurrection and ruin—red, violent, overwhelming insurrection and ruin! Little would the thoughtful man reck any national loss consequent upon a national injustice, if thereby mankind could learn that mutual regard for all human rights and interests is the only means by which the prosperity and happiness of any people, or of the race, can be secured.

AN OBJECT OF INTEREST.

It is curious to notice how often trifles become of great importance in the estimation of even serious men—that is, men with whom life is not a child's game, but a tug and struggle. During the past week we have read the gravest and most interested editorials in the various papers, and we have seen the faces of the public grow thoughtful and anxious—about what? Deep, sincere, widely-spread feeling has been awakened—brows have grown sober and eyes speculative, far and near—and about what? Why, simply, about the result of a horse-race in England. What an incident to engage the attention of this reputedly earnest, ambitious, toiling, striving, conquering people! This horse-race has been actually one of those things which Lord Bacon says "come home to men's business and bosoms." Strange enough, when we think of it, but also true. By some odd jugglery of thinking, our people arrived at the conclusion that the race between the European and American horses for the Goodwood cup, was a race between Europe and America—that the accidental fleetness of the animals was intimately connected with the national eminence and renown, by no means accidental, of the several nations, and that, in fact, the contest was not between the horses, but the countries. What a blunder! The exultation at the result of the regatta in which the yacht America so signally won, was natural and sensible, for the success was a palpable proof of the superior genius of American shipwrights, and in that contest, we owed the victory to the work of our own hands. But our horses are not the work of our own hands—are they? We can build wood and hemp and canvass into a beautiful miracle of naval architecture, and give it the strength and speed that make our clippers the talk of Christendom, but can we build a horse, and give him Flemish vigor and Arabian fleetness? Not at all. Some savage Berber or Bedouin might ride into our race-course on his wild, proud, snorting stallion, and flash past our swiftest steeds; but would that redound so very much to the credit of Morocco or the Desert, and prove either of them superior in any way to Christendom? On the whole, must not the only fair international contest for the crown and palm, be a contest between our men and not our animals?

But the race is over, the Goodwood cup is lost and won, and the eager eyes which have been so long strained across the wide Atlantic, earnestly watching the operations of that very distinguished, Knickerbocker-named, American gentleman, Mr. Ten Broeck, under whose auspices the American horses, Pryor and Prioress, ran their course,—have now relinquished their outlook, and are clouded with pique or pensive with disappointment. For Pryor and Prioress have been beaten—whether fairly or foully, nobody definitely knows. All that is known is that the American horses were immensely distanced, and the consideration which at present galls the American mind is that we are down, and that John Bull is deliriously dancing over us. We are not sure but that there will be a war in consequence of this state of affairs. We judge by the gloomy faces and ominous voices with which people interchange their reflections on the result of the match, that the national honor is in some way terribly tarnished by the defeat of Mr. Ten Broeck's horses, and that blood alone can wipe out the injury. But we sincerely hope not.

There is really something very small and frivolous in all this pother about a mere horse-race. Is there not something sad, too, in the spectacle of this intense public interest in such a trivial matter? Thinking deeply of it, is it a cheerful reflection, and does it make the prospect of the Good Time Coming seem bright and near, that so many people are tranquil and torpid over the great questions and eternal interests of the individual soul, the community, the nation and the world, and alert and alive only when Mrs. Cunningham's laboring mountain of fraud brings forth its futile mouse, or the burly bruisers beat each other skillfully in Canada, or French horses run with English and American horses in England? This supreme interest in temporary and petty affairs conjoined to this supreme apathy regarding the problems of Time and Life—is it cheering?

"America," says one of the papers, "was represented abroad by horses which were not the fleetest we have!" America was represented abroad by horses—was she? Ah, well; it is fortunate. America is so often represented at home and abroad by a different kind of animal.

INFORMATION WANTED.—If any person can give any information to the Danish Minister, in Philadelphia, about James Augustus Keill, a Printer, it will be thankfully received by his brother, C. KEILL, of Boonville, Missouri.

☞ A pretty idea is evolved in the following petite pair of poetic dimples:

Cupid near a cradle creeping,
Saw an infant gently sleeping;
The rose that blushed upon its cheek,
Seemed a birth divine to speak.

To ascertain if earth or heaven,
To mortals this fair form had given,
He, the little urchin simple,
Touched its cheek and left a dimple.

☞ Most men seem to consider their school learning as if it were like a tadpole's tail, meant to drop off as soon as the owner comes to full growth.

☞ Insults, says a modern philosopher, are like counterfeit money; we can't hinder them being offered, but we are not compelled to take them.

☞ BORU HANDLES.—A Western paper offers to write "Mr." before, or "Esq." after the names of each of its subscribers, in directing their papers to them, to such as will pay twenty-five cents extra, or add both of said "handles" for fifty cents extra.

The bearer perplexed
'Twixt the two to determine—
"Watch and pray," says the text,
"Go to sleep," says the sermon.

☞ "Squatter sovereignty," the entrance of six full dressed ladies in a large omnibus, and taking exclusive possession thereof, while eighteen spare gentlemen are forcibly expelled.

☞ A gentleman is a human being combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage.

☞ The Syracuse Journal perpetrates the following upon the marriage, at Rochester, of a Mr. Husband to the lady of his choice:—

This case is the strangest
We've known in our life;
The husband's a Husband,
And so is his wife!

☞ THE THING THAT SHOULD BIND THE TWO NATIONS TOGETHER.—Frederick Peel, when he was taken to the Atlantic Submarine Telegraph Company's Office, and saw the miles upon miles of iron-wire cable, shook his head most ominously, and a tear was observed to steal into his manly eye, as he said in a tone of the deepest despondency: "Ah! ah! a sad mistake—it should have been Red Tape!"—*Punch.*

☞ They that had moral Honesty, cry down that which is a great part of Religion, my Duty towards God, and my duty towards Man. What care I to see a man run after a sermon, if he cozens and cheats as soon as he comes home.—*Seldes.*

☞ Soon after the publication of Miss Burney's novel of Cecelia, a young lady was found reading it. After the general topics of praise were exhausted, she was asked whether she did not greatly admire the style. Reviewing the incidents in her memory, she replied, "The style? the style?—oh, sir, I have not come to that yet?"

☞ A paper, giving an account of Toulouse, France, says, "It is a large town, containing sixty thousand inhabitants *built entirely of brick!*" This is equalled only by a known description of Albany, which runs thus:—Albany is a city of eight thousand houses, and twenty-five thousand inhabitants *with most of their gable ends to the street!*"

Thy voice is heard through rolling drums
That beats to battle where he stands;
Thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands.
One moment while the trumpets blow
He sees his brood about thy knee;
The next, like fire he meets the foe,
And strikes him dead for thine and thee.
—*Tennyson.*

☞ Guard well, oh, heir of eternity, the portal of sin—the thought! From the thought to the deed, the subtler thy brain, and the bolder thy courage, the briefer and straighter is the way. Dost thou count on a death for secession to gold, or a crown to a passion? thy thought is at war with a life, though thy hand may shrink back from its murder.—*Bulwer.*

☞ EFFECT OF WAR ON PRICES.—During a siege, a water carrier was crying his water through the town—"Six sous a gallon! six sous a gallon!" By and by a bomb shell carried off one of his barrels, whereupon, without moving a muscle of his face, he continued—"twelve sous a gallon!"

☞ HOW TO MAKE AN ARISTOCRAT.—Rev. E. H. Chapin tells us—"Take a plebeian rascal, and half a million of dollars, and let them simmer slowly together."

LETTER FROM PARIS.

PARIS, July 30th, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Such heat as is now pouring down on Paris,—white and glittering under the infliction of the glowing sky above us—has not been known here for many a long year. All who can afford it are off to the country; those who are prevented by their occupations from leaving the city, darken their rooms, lighten their clothing, and take as little exercise and as much ice-cream as they can. In Spain the heat is something fearful; and the Spanish journals are groaning over the prospective ruin of the crop of maize, which threatens to be burnt up instead of ripened. Through all the south of Europe the heat is most intense. Think of the unhappy political prisoners in the crowded and fistid jails of Spain and Naples, dying of suffocation in these dog-day heats! In the jails of the latter it is rumored that excessive cruelty, of the most wanton character, is wreaked upon the crowds taken up "on suspicion;" their beards being torn out by the roots, and other ingenious atrocities of similar nature being perpetrated on them by their jailors. It is so impossible for the people of Spain and Italy to keep still under the misgovernment that oppresses them, that one cannot think of the sufferings of the patriotic revolutionists without the deepest commiseration for their fate, and the utmost horror of their persecutors.

THE EMPRESS'S PASTIMES.

The beautiful and very graceful woman who shares the throne of France is extremely fond of amusing herself; and has not the slightest idea of being Empress for nothing. She does her best to lighten the monotonous magnificence of her lot by all sorts of ingenious contrivances. She goes to concerts and operas, while her husband, who works exceedingly hard at his trade of keeping down revolutions, and keeping France busy in commercial and manufacturing speculation, is closeted with his advisers, or with his long-sighted head; she gets up charades and private theatricals, in which she takes part, having rendered herself rather a brilliant performer in this line through the aid of the best teachers of theatrical declamation. She rides a good deal on horseback; and plays with her son, who is now learning to walk, with all the satisfaction incident to young mothers who come under the interesting denomination of "hens with one chick." She has fitted up her own apartments with a splendor and at a lavish disregard of expense worthy of the heroines of the Arabian Nights. A series of boudoirs, at the Tuileries, are hung with pink and silver brocade, and called *Le bonheur du jour*, another in blue and gold, a third in violet, and a fourth in white and silver, all with fanciful names, are described by those admitted as marvels of tasteful and costly arrangement, with the exception of the last, called The Silver Boudoir, which, with its white velvet walls and furniture, its mantle piece, wainscoatings, door-handles and other accessories, with tables, consoles, lamps and frames of chairs and sofas, in solid silver, though enormously costly, is of too dead and heavy a white; at once disagreeable to the eye, and very unbecoming to the complexion of its occupants. She also dips a little *into the supernatural*; reading books on the occult sciences, turning tables with the Emperor, and taking great interest in the inexplicable doings of this phenomenal Mr. Home. Besides all these amusements, she has caused a complete dress making and millinery establishment to be established in the Tuileries, constantly supplied with the most elegant and expensive novelties, silks, velvets, laces, embroideries and flowers, from which she supplies every caprice of her graceful fancy, and in which she spends enormous sums.

GOING TO COURT.

But notwithstanding the excessive splendor and extravagant expenditure of the present court, the etiquette there observed is in some respects less formal and heavy than that of the Court of St. James, the details of presentation at which were described in a former letter.—Here you have only to be known to your Ambassador, and through him your presentation, and consequent invitation to a court-ball, are easily effected.

Suppose that a number of staunch republicans, sons and daughters of America, have set their hearts on being presented to their Majesties, and figuring at one of the Thursday evening balls. They call on Mr. and Mrs. Mason, and having intimated their desire, the Minister invites them to be at his house, "in their best bib and tucker," on the following Sunday, when he and Mrs. Mason will chaperon them into the august presence of the master and mistress of the Tuileries, it being the habit of the Imperial pair to receive on that day, on leaving the chapel after High Mass. The Minister and his lady request the applicants for this honor to be at their residence half-an-hour before the time appointed for the presentation, in order that they may enlighten them with a few hints as to the way in which the walking and talking part of the affair is to be gone through with.

Accordingly, on the appointed day a numerous party of ladies and gentlemen, in their handsomest walking-costume, assemble in the Ministerial drawing-room, when Mr. Mason proceeds to drill them, with a view to their more perfect acquittal of the part they are to enact immediately afterwards at the Palace.

"You will not find either the Emperor or the Empress in the reception-room," says the Minister; "we shall be received there by the ushers, and wait there until their Majesties come to us. The gentlemen will form a circle, and will be presented by me in turn to the Emperor; the ladies will form another group, under the auspices of Mrs. Mason, who will present them to the Empress. Each Ambassador thus presents those of his own country-people wishing for this distinction. The Emperor will address a few words to each person as he is presented. You must please be most especially careful, in replying, not to say 'you' or 'sir,' to the Emperor, but 'sire,' and 'your Majesty;' to the Empress you will say 'madam,' and also 'your Majesty.' You will remain in the same place while the interview lasts, the Emperor and Empress going from group to group, and leaving the room when the presentation is over. After which we also shall take our departure."

These instructions being duly listened to, and everybody promising to do his and her best to avoid stumbling on the obnoxious 'sir' and 'ma'am,' the party bestow themselves in their carriages, and are speedily set down at the foot of the great staircase of the Tuileries. Here they are passed on from lacquey to lacquey, the officials growing in grandeur and diminishing in livery as they approach the reception room. Everything is, of course, as magnificent as satin and gilding can make it; and the party would like to begin a little examination of the room, did time permit. But the Minister has not much more than time to marshal his *proteges* into two semi-circular groups, one of gentlemen, at the extremity of which he places himself, the other of ladies, with whom Mrs. Mason takes up her position. The English, Prussian, Belgian, Saxon and Turkish Ministers are also present, each presiding over a squad of his own peculiar people arranged in similar groups. These dignitaries have exchanged salutations between themselves on first finding themselves together; and all now await the appearance of their Majesties.

A ROYAL INTERVIEW.

In the course of a few minutes a stir takes place in the ante-room, and the Emperor and Empress are seen approaching, side by side. The Emperor is dressed as a private gentleman; the Empress is in a dress of gray silk, covered with rich black lace, and wearing that most graceful of all coverings for the head and shoulders, a Spanish mantilla of the same lace. Seeing that the reception-room is unusually crowded, the pair walk on past the door, and disappear for a moment, after which they again make their appearance, the Empress having exchanged her beautiful mantilla, in which she looks so wonderfully lovely, for a little fashionable bonnet not half so becoming. "Such was the extent of her petticoats," observed to me a charming American lady recently presented, from whom these particulars of the affair are borrowed for the edification of your readers, "such was the extent of her petticoats, that I assure you, all exaggeration apart, the diameter presented by her gown as she came gliding in, was longer than your sofa." The piece of furniture referred to being rather over seven feet long, it is not surprising that the Imperial couple should have made their appearance walking side by side only, instead of arm-in-arm; a mode of locomotion not possible where such a circumference of steel is adopted. "As they entered the room," continued my friend, "the Emperor moved forward on one side, the Empress on the other. The Belgian group stood nearest the door, and as the Emperor approached it, the Belgian Minister went forward to meet him, was shaken hands with by him, and then presented each person in his group, naming him to the Emperor as he passed on. The Emperor gave a bow and a few words to each, and then went on to the next group, until he had spoken to all, ladies as well as gentlemen. The Empress, meantime, was making a similar journey in the opposite direction. When the Emperor came into the group of American ladies, he spoke in English. He talked with me for several minutes, and in so easy and pleasant a way that I was quite delighted. He asked me various questions about my stay in Paris, what I thought of it, about the voyage, and about America; he then spoke of his *visit to the United States*, and described some of the scenery he had seen there so perfectly that I—who had been saying 'sire' and 'your Majesty' in the most beautifully correct and proper way all through the conversation, and was flattering myself that I should get through without a mistake—was so carried away by the naturalness of his manner and the pleasure of hearing him speak of places I knew so well, that I quite forgot his being a Majesty, and came with a 'sir,' to my great vexation; but it slipped out before I knew what I was saying. A twinkle in his eye, and a good-natured little smile showed that he had seen my blunder, and was amused by it; but he made me a very pleasant bow as he passed on to the lady who was standing next me. The Empress was very gracious and agreeable in manner, addressed us in English, which she spoke as though it were her native tongue; but she said less than the Emperor. When the two had made the round of the room, and met at the door, they bowed again to the guests, and went out. Whereupon we marched off also, and got into our carriages; Mr. Mason laughingly telling us that we had all done very well, though he was much amused when I imparted to him the disaster that had befallen me at the end of my talk with the Emperor."

HEROIC SELF-DENIAL.

Those who have been thus presented, receive a card of invitation to the next Thursday-evening ball at the Tuileries, to which no one is invited who has not previously gone through with the ceremony just described. In the family of the lady to whom your readers are indebted for these particulars, is a very beautiful and very amiable girl, about eighteen, one of the most charming and accomplished representatives of "Young America," to be found in the Old World; and who had been dying to be presented, for the sake of getting an invitation to the court-ball, on which she had counted with so much certainty, that the elegant dress of white tarlatane, embroidered with floss-silk, the delicate wreath and bouquets of white and pink flowers, destined for the occasion, were all ready, and awaiting only the moment to be put on. But, being, in spite of her wealth, youth, beauty, and fashionable connexions, remarkably rigid in her views of what she considers as religious truth and religious duty, she was thrown out of all her hopes and calculations by learning from the Minister, that the presentations always take place on a Sunday; and much as she was longing to go to court, and dreadful as was the idea of losing the ball, she at once refused to take part in an arrangement, which, from her point of view, she regarded as a desecration of the Sabbath. Her relatives and friends, all of them members of various denominations, but less rigid than herself, regarded her scruples as too uncompromising; and did their utmost to persuade her to accompany them as had been agreed upon. But she was inflexible in her resolution; and on the appointed Sunday, she went to an English chapel, as usual, leaving the rest of the family to go to court without her. Her mother, who knew how long she had been cherishing the idea of the ball, and who felt for her daughter's disappointment, as only worshipping mothers can feel, was at her wits' end trying to imagine some way in which to turn the difficulty. But the rule is inflexible; none are invited who have not previously been presented. The rest of the family having been presented as just described, tickets were received by them, on Tuesday, for the Thursday ball. But there was, of course, no card for my pretty little friend, who resigned herself quietly to her fate, wofully disappointed at not going to the ball, but without the slightest regret at the course she had taken. But mothers are both ingenious and self-denying; and the idea having suddenly occurred to her that her own card might be turned over to her daughter, the arrangement was joyfully adopted by all concerned. The pretty white dress and accessories came out of their *cartons*, and its pretty wearer had the satisfaction of accompanying her friends to the palace, which had so long been the cynosure of her desires, and of dancing out the livelong night amidst the brilliant toilettes, the gilding, and the glory, of the long suite of ball-rooms at the Tuileries.

This little incident struck me as being one of the most heroic exemples of self-denial in small matters that have come within my ken for many a long day. For, however strained and exaggerated this young lady's view of the requirements of duty may have been, still, as she really regarded the going to court on Sunday as a violation of duty with regard to that day, it would evidently have been wrong in her to go. Yet how few, placed in the same predicament, would have had the resolution to sacrifice a darling project, with no hope of being able to put it into execution at any future period, rather than do what, right or wrong, was held to be sinful! Without approving the rigid view taken by this young lady with regard to the keeping of Sunday, it is still permissible to wish that all handsome and charming young ladies professed the same earnest resolution to act up to the dictates of conscience, and to believe that, were such the case, the tone of society and the general state of the world, would soon show unmistakeable symptoms of mending. QUANTUM.

A CAMBRIDGE PROFESSOR

FORGETTING HIMSELF.

At Cambridge, England, it is quite common for a senior wrangler to be likewise stroke oar in the college boat; and a well known statesman of England is remembered for having thrashed a potent butcher, after 43 rounds, within a week of his taking a double-first. A professor at Cambridge, whose name it is hardly necessary to mention when we say that he is a walking encyclopedia, and the first mathematician in England, albeit a pious divine, and a man of staid character and devout habits, happened to be taking his constitutional walk on the banks of the river at the time of the boat-race. The river is narrow; a dexterous movement of the tiller when the boats are side by side, will often decide the race by driving one of the competitors too near the bank. Well, this learned and pious churchman having sauntered to the river side just as the boats were passing, watched them a moment with a calm face. Some old memories of by-gone contests rushed into his mind—the struggle fired his blood; he was seen to clench his fists and to walk with firmer tread. He followed the boats a few paces.

As they came to a turn in the river he actually ran, in full collegiate costume as he was. His cap blew off—he never noticed it. He began to waive his arms. A crowd around him, unconscious of his presence, were shouting, "Go it, Trinity," "Yoicks, Caius!" The boats were approaching a very narrow part of the river, the Caius men half a length ahead. The spectators were shouting in a frenzy of excitement, when above the tumult, arose the sonorous and stentorian voice of the venerable professor: "Port, Caius, you scoundrel! D—n it, port your helm, man!" and as the shrewd order was instantly obeyed, in a still more energetic voice, "Optime, Johannes!" then suddenly recollecting himself, "God bless me, gentlemen, I have forgot myself!" and the old gentleman walked off at a round pace, blushing like a girl, amidst the vociferous applause of the students.

SHORNERY SHUSHED.—A Long Branch correspondent of the Trenton Gazette gives an account of a well merited rebuke administered to a party of pretentious fashionables at that place. Gov. Newell and his wife having arrived at the Mansion House just at the dinner hour, entered the dining-hall before Mrs. N. changed her attire. The party alluded to immediately, not knowing her, made audible remarks on her appearance, and spoke indignantly, because the waiters, to whom Gov. N. was known, waited on him. Various insulting allusions were made in the table conversation. In the evening when Mrs. N. appeared in the parlor in full dress, she was saluted by a gentleman who happened to be a friend of the ladies in the fashionable party, and who subsequently, on their inquiry, informed them who Mrs. N. was. They immediately sent abject apologies, which she refused to receive, not on account of personal resentment, but because their conduct exhibited them as persons not fitted to associate with genuine ladies, and she would not recognise them as such.

A NEW READING.—A good story is told of the Irish usher who served Mr. Webster during his incumbrancy in the State department at Washington; and who was retained in the same berth by Mr. Marcy, on the inauguration of the Pierce administration. One day several gentlemen called at the private room of the Secretary, and inquired for Mr. Marcy. The usher said he had just gone out, but would be in presently. After waiting some time to no purpose, the gentlemen grew impatient, and sent the usher in search of the illustrious fugitive. But he returned, after making diligent search, saying that he couldn't find him; and exclaiming, in most amusing parody of a well known line from a popular hymn book:

"That *Marcy* I to others show,
That *Marcy* show to me!"

The visitors laughed very heartily at the clever impromptu, and waited till it pleased Mr. Marcy to show *himself*.—*Boston Post.*

☞ An auctioneer having a horse to sell, who could not be induced to cross a bridge which lay in the way of his master's country residence, advertised him as "sold for no fault but that his owner was desirous of going out of the city."

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF M. ARAGO.

An autobiography of the late Francis Arago, the celebrated French philosopher, narrates some entertaining incidents which occurred to the illustrious savan. The following happened when he was a young man, and while he was engaged in a scientific survey among the mountains of Catalonia, in Spain:

"One day, as recreation, I thought I could go, with a fellow-countryman, to the fair at Murviedro, the ancient Saguntum, which they told me was very curious. I met in the town the daughter of a Frenchman resident at Valencia, Madlle B——. All the hotels were crowded; Madlle. B—— invited us to take some refreshments at her grandmother's; we accepted; but on leaving the house she informed us that our visit had not been to the taste of her betrothed, and that we must be prepared for some sort of attack on his part; we went directly to an armorer's, bought some pistols, and commenced our return to Valencia.

"On our way, I said to the calezero (driver,) a man whom I had employed for a long time, and who was much devoted to me:

"'Isidro, I have some reason to believe that we shall be stopped; I warn you of it, so that you may not be surprised at the shots which will be fired from the calesa (vehicle.')

"Isidro, seated on the shaft, according to the custom of the country, answered:

"'Your pistols are completely useless, gentlemen; leave me to act; one cry will be enough; my mule will disembarrass us of two, three, or even four men.'

Scarcely one minute had elapsed after the calezero had pronounced these words, when two men presented themselves before the mule and seized her by the nostrils. At the same instant a formidable cry, which will never be effaced from my remembrance—the cry of *Capitana!*—was uttered by Isidro. The mule reared up almost vertically, raising up one of the men, came down again, and set off at a rapid gallop. The jolt which the carriage made led us to understand too well what had just occurred. A long silence succeeded this event; it was only interrupted by these words of the calezero: 'Do you not think, gentlemen, that my mule is worth more than any pistols?'

"The next day the Captain-General, Don Domingo Izquierdo, related to me that a man had been found crushed on the road to Murviedro. I gave him an account of the prowess of Isidro's mule, and no more was said."

In the following extract he gives an account of his presentation to Napoleon I., after being elected a member of the Academy of Sciences:

"The members of the Institute were always presented to the Emperor after he had confirmed their nominations. On the appointed day, in company with the Presidents, with the Secretaries of the four classes, and with the Academicians who had special publications to offer to the Chief of the State, they assembled in one of the saloons of the Tuileries. When the Emperor returned from mass, he held a kind of review of these savans, these artists, these literary men, in green uniform. I must own that the spectacle which I witnessed on the day of my presentation did not edify me. I even experienced real displeasure on seeing the anxiety evinced by members of the Institute to be themselves noticed.

"'You are very young,' said Napoleon to me, on coming near me; and without waiting for a flattering reply, which it would not have been difficult to find, he added, 'What is your name?' And my neighbor on the right, not leaving me time to answer the certainly simple enough question, just addressed to me, hastened to say—

"'*His* name is Arago.'

"'What science do you cultivate?'

"My neighbor on the left immediately replied—

"'*He* cultivates astronomy.'

"'What have you done?'

"My neighbor on the right, jealous of my left hand neighbor for having encroached on his rights at the second question, now hastened to reply, and said—

"'*He* has just been measuring the arc of the meridian in Spain.'

"The Emperor, imagining, doubtless, that he had before him either a dumb or an imbecile man, passed on to another member of the Institute. This one was, not a novice, but a naturalist well known through his beautiful and important discoveries; it was M. Lamarck. The old man presented a book to Napoleon. 'What is that?' said the latter; 'it is your absurd *meteorology*, in which you rival Matthieu Laensberg. It is this "annuaire," which dishonors your old age. Do something in Natural History, and I should receive your productions with pleasure. As to this volume, I only take it in consideration of your white hairs. Here!' and he passed the book to an aid-de-camp. Poor M. Lamarck, who, at the end of each sharp and insulting sentence of the Emperor, tried in vain to say, 'It is a work on Natural History, which I present to you,' was weak enough to fall into tears.

"The Emperor immediately afterwards met with a more energetic antagonist, in the person of M. Lanjuinais. The latter had advanced, book in hand. Napoleon said to him, sneeringly: 'The entire Senate, then, will have to give place to the Institute?' 'Sire,' replied Lanjuinais, 'it is the body of the state to which most time is left for occupying itself with literature.' The Emperor, displeased at this answer, at once quitted the civil uniforms, and busied himself among the great epaulettes which filled the room."

HATCHING MACHINES IN THE MIDDLE AGES.—Sir John Maundeville, an Englishman, and great eastern traveller of the fourteenth century, in a very entertaining account of his travels, has the following. He is giving a description of Cairo: "And there is a common house in that city, which is all full of small furnaces, to which the towns-women bring their eggs of hens, geese, and ducks, to be put into the furnaces; and they that keep that house, cover them with horse-dung, without hen, goose, or duck, or any fowl; at the end of three weeks or a month they come again, and take their chickens, and nourish them and bring them forth, so that all the country is full of them. And this they do both winter and summer."

THE POET BERANGER.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

We give this week a portrait of the famous French poet, Beranger, whose recent death has been already announced to our readers. He was at once a great poet and a great man. As a song-writer he has never been equalled—not even by Robert Burns. His name was always a word of power in France. His lyrics were sung by the people, and were always forthcoming whenever a word was wanted in defiance of the contemporary tyranny, in praise of France, or in support of the good cause. From his earliest youth he was identified with the conflicts of democracy against aristocracy, and under all dynasties he was the same Beranger—Tennyson's ideal of a poet—

"Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love."

Though he was proud of the glory Napoleon had shed over France, still his patriotic eye was not blind to the Emperor's tyranny; and the powerful though good-humored satire of "Le Roi d'Yvetot," made the puissant conqueror wince upon his throne. The restoration of the Bourbons was considered by Beranger a degradation to his country; and his pen never spared that family, or the obsequious and unwise statesmen of the *ancien regime* who learned nothing from adversity. The governments both of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. endeavored to silence him by bribery; but he preferred his honorable and independent poverty to the profitable baseness which they offered him. His song entitled "Le sacre de Charles le Simple," was particularly obnoxious to the Ministry of Charles X., which determined to prosecute him for sedition and impiety. The result of the trial was as might have been anticipated. The poet was condemned to two years' imprisonment in the dungeons of St. Pelagie, and to pay a fine of 10,000f. But his imperturbable philosophy resolved to make the best even of this, and his friends, (for by this time he had many,) formed the same resolution, and they raised a subscription to pay the fine imposed upon him. His imprisonment was turned into an ovation. His table was provided with every delicacy which wealth could supply. The gentlemen sent him the choicest viands and the choicest wines; the ladies sent him flowers and fruit; and on the reception-days, permitted by the authorities of the prison, people of all classes paid their respects to him till his dungeon was as gay and brilliant as a sovereign's palace at a *fete*.

He was thrice subjected to fine and imprisonment by the governments of Louis XVIII. and Charles X., with the most beneficial effects upon his popularity and his fortunes, and with no ill effects upon his health or his comfort. Prosecution but increased his fame and his power; and imprisonment gave him literary leisure, which he turned to admirable account in the production of new songs.

At the Revolution of 1848, he was elected to the National Assembly as one of the representatives for the city of Paris. But he neither solicited nor desired this honor, and refused to take his seat, on the plea of age and failing health. The Assembly at first refused to accept his resignation, but ultimately acceded; and Beranger remained what he had always been—an observer of, not an actor in, the great drama of public life.

He died on Thursday, the 16th ult., at the ripe age of seventy-seven, in full possession of all his faculties, and was buried the next day at the Cemetery of Pere la Chaise, under circumstances most unusual and remarkable, which show how great a power in the State was this writer of songs, and what an influence he exercised both in his life and in his death over the minds of his countrymen. For a powerful Emperor was obliged to call out a hundred thousand soldiers lest the peace of Paris might be disturbed as he passed to the grave amid the sympathies of a Republican and a revolutionary population. Never before was poet so feared or so honored.

The songs of Beranger are difficult to translate; all songs are, and more especially his—so terse, so elegant, so *naif*, so national, and so idiomatic. The following—which is an imitation rather than a translation—may give the English reader some idea of the subject, the style, the treatment, and the philosophy of Beranger; but to know Beranger well, or to appreciate thoroughly the strength as well as the delicacy of his genius, he must be read in his own language:—

TO MY COAT.

Though hardly worth one paltry groat,
Thou'rt dear to me, my poor old coat;
For full ten years my friend thou'st been—
For full ten years I've brushed thee clean;
And now, like me, thou'rt old and wan;
With both the glow of youth is gone;
But, worn and shabby as thou art,
Thou and the poet shall not part,
Poor coat.

I've not forgot the birthday eve
When first I donned thy glossy sleeve,
When jovial friends, in mantling wine,
Drank joy and health to me and mine.
Our indigence let some despise,
We're dear as ever in their eyes;
And for their sakes, old as thou art,
Thou and the poet shall not part,
Poor coat.

One evening, I remember yet,
I, romping, feigned to slip Lisette;
She strove her lover to retain,
And thy frail skirt was rent in twain.
Dear girl, she did her best endeavor,
And patched thee up as well as ever.
For her sweet sake, old as thou art,
Thou and the poet shall not part,
Poor coat.

Never, my coat, hast thou been found
Bending thy shoulders to the ground,
From any upstart "Lord" or "Grace,"
To beg a pension or a place.
Wild forest flowers—no Monarch's dole—
Adorn thy modest button-hole;
If but for that, old as thou art,
Thou and the poet should not part,
Poor coat.

Poor though we be, my good old friend,
No gold shall bribe our backs to bend;
Honest amid temptations past,
We will be honest to the last;
For more I prize thy virtuous rags
Than all the lace a courtier brags;
And, while I live and have a heart,
Thou and the poet shall not part,
My coat.

☞ All beautiful things dignify and ennoble life.

THE POET BERANGER.

THE MOXA.

The operation of the Moxa is seldom or never undertaken on the American side of the water. Its first general publication to the world was through the pages of Sue's romance, where one of the characters, Rodin, undergoes the ordeal. The tranquil course of life in our German Home was for a time interrupted by this terrible operation in one of our household.

Among the five Americans who had gradually collected under the same roof was a young Bostonian, who had left his native city for foreign travel as a pulmonary invalid; the Boston physicians considering his difficulty of hopeless alleviation in that climate—if in any.

There lived in Frankfort at the time (and perhaps now) a physician of considerable celebrity, Hofrath Schott. The more timid and conservative of his profession were afraid of him, for he belonged to what may be called the Heroic school of medicine—a school which is generally successful in proportion to the amount of genius and professional nerve of the individual practitioner, added to that mysterious instinct, which we sometimes find in men.

The Bostonian was persuaded to an examination by Schott, who found one lung, as he expressed it, badly verdichtet, or clogged with disease, although as yet no tubercle had formed—he told us, however, that in a week or a fortnight this might intervene.

"It is not too late, then?" we said.

"By no means, if immediately taken in hand."

"And what do you propose?"

"The Moxa—rather severe, but effectual."

At that time the blessings of insensibility through ether or chloroform, although announced in America, had only been heard of in Europe. Physical pain, therefore, was still to be met with the eyes and consciousness wide open.

Schott came on the appointed day with an assistant. The patient lay on a sofa with his head averted to the wall, his breast being bared to the operators, one of us holding his shoulders and another his feet. The blow-pipes were then produced, the flame of even one of which is sufficient to melt the obduracy of solid metal. Each operator took his blow-pipe and the concentrated intensity of two flames was directed through a tube dipped in saltpetre, to the side of the chest—opposite the seat of disease.

The flesh shrivelled up like tinder—and a circular spot, the size of a dollar, was quickly laid bare to the bone. The poor fellow bore his agony with the heroism of an Indian—he never whimpered.

An irritating salve was afterward daily applied to the wound. Diseased matter began to flow out, and soon the draught upon the lung itself could be distinctly felt, which organ gradually and perceptibly cleared itself. The air cells opened again to the blessed, health-giving air of heaven; a deep breath could once more be drawn; the ominous pains in the back, the deadly night-sweat, the fatal cough ceased. These spectres of a seemingly inevitable destiny fled discomfited—conquered by fire.

Three months from that time was the season of grapes. The wound was allowed to close; the Moxa had done its work, and the fruit of the vine was to crown the cure. Father Rhine yielded us bushel baskets of the richest fruit. The grapes, for their better preservation, were hung upon cords in an upper room; eight pounds a day of them were prescribed for consumption, while other food, with the exception of bread and a few vegetables, was mostly proscribed. The Bostonian submitted to this second step in his cure with still greater heroism than to the first—he walked three times a day into the room, and, chary of the trouble of picking the grapes off, with elevated head he ate them from the lines like a fox. Health returned, and flesh and strength—permanently returned.

Years have elapsed, and the Bostonian, who had been sentenced by his home-doctors—if not to Auburn Prison, to *Mount* Auburn, a still securer prison house, and who, in six months, would doubtless have lain there, now walks the streets of London with his English wife and *post mora* family of children, as stalwart a John Bull as the best of them.

Thus do we see how unnecessarily oftentimes (humanly considered) do we die—there are people in the world who can save us. And I know of no consideration more desperately afflictive than this, when we see those passing away from us, without whom this world does not seem worth living in; the God-created skill existing to save them—yet we cannot command it.

A still more salient instance of rescue by Moxa, was another patient of Schott, a young Frankfort banker, who, in the apparently last stages of the disease, endured the Moxa to a much greater extent, and was also enabled to leave continued foot-prints "on the sands of time."

The grape-cure, as an independent remedy in itself, is much in vogue on the Rhine. Bingen, nearly opposite Prince Metternich's *Johannisberg*, is much visited in the grape season by persons who live for a month chiefly on grapes.—*R. S. Willis, in the N. Y. Musical World.*

SORROWS.

I.

In spring or summer sleeps the Stone
All night, all morrow—
When falls the snow, or storms are blown,
It feels no sorrow;—
Calm on the teeming soil it lies,
Untroubled by the earth or skies—
Oh, happy Stone, devoid of sorrow!

II.

In rain or sunshine lies the Clod,
The child of Sorrow;
Bearing to-day the gifts of God,
Cut down to-morrow;
Feeling the joy of summer flowers,
The pain of winter-frost and showers;—
Oh, luckless Clod, alive to sorrow!

III.

But oh! the delicate golden Harp,
A quiverer thou'rt!
Through all its woof one finger-warp
May weave shrill sorrow;—
It feels the ray of sun or moon,
The breeze can jar it out of tune;
Oh, mournful Harp, that throbs to sorrow!

IV.

But rather than the Stone, unworn
By night or morrow,
I'd be the Clod that bears the corn,
And suffers sorrow;
Or, better still, the Harp, whose strains
Have countless joys as well as pains—
Oh, passionate Harp of Joy and Sorrow!

CHARLES MACKAY.

TAILED MEN.—The Rev. Mr. T. J. Bowen, who spent several years in the interior of Central Africa, as a Missionary of the Southern Baptist Board, makes the following reference to the subject in his recently published narrative. In speaking of Nasamu, the executioner of the King of Lloria (an interior city of at least 70,000 inhabitants), and others with whom he conversed, he says: "The Moors and Arabs, who had been everywhere, had told them wonderful stories of still other countries and tribes far off in the east. Somewhere on the other side of Yaeouba is a tribe of people called Alakero, none of whom are more than three feet in height. The chiefs are a little taller than the common people. The Alakero are very ingenious people, especially in working iron, and they are so industrious that their towns are surrounded by iron walls. Beyond these are a tribe called Alabiru, who have short, inflexible tails. As the stiffness of their tails prevents the Alabiru from sitting flat on the ground, every man carries a sharp-pointed stick, with which he drills a hole in the earth to receive his tail while sitting. They are industrious manufacturers of iron bars, which they sell to surrounding tribes. All the fine swords in Sudan are made of this iron. The next tribe in order are the Alabiwoe, who have a small goat-like horn projecting from the middle of their forehead. For all that, they are a nice kind of black people, and quite intelligent. A woman of this tribe is now in slavery at Offa, near Lloria. She always wears a handkerchief around her head, because she is ashamed of her horn. There are other people in this Doko region who have four eyes, and others who live entirely in subterranean galleries. These wonders were attested by natives and Arabs."

DESTRUCTION OF TREES.—Most provoking, indeed, is the national tendency to the destruction of fine trees on the most frivolous pretences. A majestic elm will be cut down because the dripping from its bows moistens cheap shingles on some adjoining house; an oak which projects two feet into the road will be sacrificed rather than a dollar spent to widen the thoroughfare. Trees in a village must disappear, root and branch, rather than have a new street deviate from a straight line. The first care of the purchaser of an estate is to cut down all the trees that do not stand in regular rows—and we are sometimes called on to admire the thrift which cuts down an orchard because birds get the cherries or boys steal the apples. A pioneer dame exulted in the removal of every tree from her hut—where "the sun could shine in nicely all day—looking so improvement like;" and there are every day instances of Vandalism not so excusable.—*Rev. C. H. Brigham.*

THE HISTORY OF PINS.—Pins, such as are now used, seem to have been unknown in England till about the middle of the fifteenth century. Previous to that time pins were made of ivory, box-wood, and a few of silver, and they were necessarily of large size. Brooches, and hooks-and-eyes were much employed for holding together the parts of the dress.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

We have seen, within the last few days, several very pretty bonnets, some of which present sufficient novelty to require especial mention. A bonnet of French chip is trimmed with a demi-wreath formed of small tufts of pale blue marabout feathers. This wreath first ornaments the outside, and is then brought to intermingle with the blonde composing the under-trimming. The curtain consists of upright strips of French chip disposed alternately with bouillonnes of blonde, and the strings are composed of broad white ribbon shaded with blue. Many of the new white straw bonnets are figured with black and colored velvet, worked on the straw. We have seen one ornamented with sprigs in brown velvet. Four small ostrich feathers, white variegated with brown, fixed on the upper part of the bonnet, droop two by two on each side. At the edge of the brim there is a row of blonde, about two inches or two inches and a-half deep. The inside trimming consists of blonde with a bouquet of rose-buds on each side, and a small cordon of the same flowers passing above the bands of hair. Strings of white ribbon striped with brown.

An elegant bonnet of French chip is trimmed across the top with a bouillonne of blonde. The curtain is formed of a bouillonne of blonde, edged with a strip of French chip.—Three small white marabouts, tipped with mallow color, are placed on each side, and rather far back, the ends drooping towards the curtain. In the inside small vine leaves and bunches of mallow color grapes are intermingled with the blonde trimming. The strings are composed of broad mallow color ribbon.

A Leghorn bonnet of a style at once novel and *distingue* is trimmed simply with two bouquets of small yellow flowers. These bouquets are placed one on each side of the bonnet, and so much towards the back as to droop over the curtain. The under-trimming is formed of bouillonnes of blonde intermingled with small yellow flowers and blades of grass. The strings consist of ribbon of the same color as the flowers. Another Leghorn bonnet, just received from Paris, is elegantly trimmed with black velvet, black lace, and bouquets of yellow roses. Some straw bonnets have been very effectively trimmed with maize color ribbon, and sprays of the black currant. Under the brim the same ornaments are intermingled with blonde. Others are trimmed with the red berries of the service-tree, black blonde, and straw color ribbon striped with black.

Several *coiffures*, destined for evening costume, have just been made for the lady of the Turkish Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Among them may be mentioned one composed of two plaits of black velvet, separated one from the other, and in the form of a diadem.—They are fixed at the back of the head by a large double bow with ends of black velvet, placed at the nape of the neck. Another consists of a cap of white tulle, white blonde, and black lace, with long barbes rounded at the ends. It is trimmed with bouquets of flowers. A third head dress consists of a round cap in blonde and tulle, trimmed with blue velvet ribbon with flowing ends.

We lately saw a ball-dress of white tarletane, beautifully figured with straw and silk embroidery. It had two skirts, each bordered with a wreath of pomegranate blossom. At the extreme edge of each skirt there was a narrow ruche of cerise color ribbon. On each side of the upper there were bows of cerise ribbon linked with bands of fancy straw. The sleeves were gathered up with bows in the same style. In the centre of the corsage was worn a single large pomegranate flower, with its foliage. The coiffure worn with this dress consisted of a Ceres wreath composed of pomegranate blossom, with foliage of black velvet intermingled with fancy straw.—*London Lady's Paper, July 18th.*

THE INTELLECT OF BIRDS.—M. Michelet, *the* Michelet, has published a book about birds. Here is a passage in which he is speaking of the egg and the maternal care of the hen-bird: "Let us take the egg in our hands. What is it? and what is destined to issue from it? I know not, but she knows well—she who with expanded wings tremblingly embraces and matures it by her own warmth—she who, till now free, and Queen of the Air, lived according to her own will and caprice, becomes suddenly captive and immovable upon this dumb object, which might almost pass for a stone, which nothing as yet reveals to us. Talk not of blind instinct. We shall see by the results how this clear-sighted instinct becomes modified according to circumstances; in other words, how little this dawning reason differs in its nature from the reason of man himself. Yes, this mother, by the penetration—the clairvoyance—of affection, knows, sees distinctly. Through the thick calcareous shell, where your rude hand distinguishes nothing, she is cognizant by a delicate perception of the mysterious being which is therein nourished and formed. It is this knowledge which supports her during the tedious labor of incubation, during so protracted a captivity. She sees that being, delicate and lovely in its downy covering of infancy, and she foresees, by hope, what it will hereafter be, strong and bold, when, with outstretched wings, it will gaze at the sun, and wing its flight against the storm."

YOUNG BERKELEY AND THE DEER.—In 1808, the Earl, who then held the title (Berkeley), was walking with his little son, when he was set upon by an American deer, whose horns he seized with both hands, bravely keeping fast hold, after he was thrown down and trampled upon by the furious beast. In this critical position he called out to the child not to be afraid—to take from his pocket a knife, stab the deer, or, if he could, cut his throat. The boy obeyed—searched his father's pocket, found the knife, and went to work upon the throat of the deer. But the noble child's courage was greater than his strength, and he could not sever the beast's windpipe. Nevertheless, he quailed not, but dealt the brutal assailant of his father so many stabs given with a will, that, weakened by loss of blood, it was fain to make the best of its way from the struggle, just as the Earl was all but exhausted.—*Frazer's Magazine.*

A COMFORTING CHARACTER.

Wilson, my servant, would take the sun out of August, the scarlet from a geranium, the warmth out of port. His look would cool champagne, and his tones supply the place of a shower-bath. Of all men I ever met, he is the most desponding. Whatever is to be done, he is sure to see a lion in the path. Life in his eyes is a perpetual filling of leaky buckets, and a rolling of stones up hill. He is amazed when the bucket holds water, or the stone perches on the summit. He professes but a limited belief in his star—and success with him is almost a disappointment. His countenance corresponds with the prevailing character of his thoughts; always hopelessly chap-fallen, his voice is as of a tomb. He brushes my clothes, lays the cloth, opens the champagne, with the air of one advancing to his execution. I have never seen him smile but once, when he came to report to me that a sea had nearly swept his colleague, the steward, overboard. The son of a gardener at Chiswick, he first took to horticulture; then emigrated as a settler to the Cape, where he acquired his present complexion, which is of grass green; and finally served as a steward on board an Australian steam packet. Thinking to draw consolation from his professional experiences, I heard Fitz's voice, now very weak with sea-sickness, say in a tone of coaxing cheerfulness: "Well, Wilson, I suppose this kind of thing does not last long?" *The Voice, as of the Tomb*—"I don't know, sir." *Fitz*—"But you must have often seen passengers sick." *The Voice*—"Often, sir; *very* sick." *Fitz*—"Well, and on an average, how soon did they recover?" *The Voice*—"Some of them didn't recover, sir." *Fitz*—"Well, but those that did?" *The Voice*—"I know'd a clergyman and his wife as were ill all the voyage; five months, sir." *Fitz*—(quite silent.) *The Voice, now become sepulchral*—"They sometimes dies, sir."—*Fitz*—"Ugh!" Before the end of the voyage, however, this Job's comforter himself fell ill, and the doctor amply revenged himself by prescribing for him.—*Lord Dufferin's Voyage to Iceland.*

Useful Receipts.

BLACKING FOR HORSE HARNESS.—Melt 4 ounces of mutton suet with 12 ounces of beeswax, and 12 ounces of sugar candy, 4 ounces of soft soap dissolved in water, and 2 ounces of indigo, finely powdered. When melted and well mixed, add half a pint of turpentine. Lay it on the harness with a sponge, and polish it off with a brush. This blacking is for working harness, which should be cleaned and polished up at least once a week when in constant use.

The following is a recipe for carriage harness blacking:—Take three sticks of black sealing-wax, dissolve them in half a pint of alcohol, and then apply with a sponge. Lac dissolved in alcohol, and colored with lampblack, will answer the same purpose. This is a quick drying, hard varnish, liable to crack the leather, and should, therefore, be put on as seldom as possible.

PEACH PRESERVES.—Peaches if preserved whole, should be gathered before they are fully ripe; pare and cook tender in a little water. If in quarters, crack the pits of half the peaches and add to them. Let the syrup simmer down quite thick before adding it to the fruit, and when cold, cover tight and keep fr from heat and moisture.

PEACH PIE.—Mellow, juicy peaches, peeled, whole or in quarters, laid in a deep pie plate—on each layer of peaches sprinkle a thick lay of sugar, a tablespoonfull of water, and a lig sprinkling of flour, and it will need no othe seasoning. Cover with a thick crust and an hour.

PEACH DUMPLINGS—Should be *steamed* stead of stewing, as that would break them Serve with common sauce, or lemon sauce, one lemon cut fine, one cup butter, and a large cup sugar.

PEACHES FOR TEA.—Pare ripe peaches, them in quarters, sprinkle well with layers sugar, and let them stand an hour to extract the juice. Then cover with rich, sweet cream, and there is nothing better.

PEACH A LA STRAWBERRY.—Ripe peaches cut in small pieces, with soft, mild eating ples, in the proportion of three peaches to apple, mixed with sugar, and left to stand two or three hours, make excellent mock strawberries.

TO BOIL POTATOES.—Put them into a saucepan with scarcely sufficient water to co them. Directly the skins begin to break, them from the fire, and as rapidly as possible pour off *every drop* of the water. Then place a coarse (we need not say clean) towel them, and return them to the fire again they are thoroughly done, and quite dry. little salt, to taste, should have been added the water before boiling.

POTATOES ESCOLLOPED.—Mash potatoes the usual way; then butter some nice clean scollop-shells, pattypans, or teacups, or saucers; put in your potatoes; make them smooth at the top; cross a knife over them; strew a few fine bread crumbs on them; sprinkle them with a paste-brush with a few drops of melted butter, and set them in a Dutch oven. When nicely browned on the top, take them carefully out of the shells, and brown on the other side. Cold potatoes may be warmed up in way.

POTATO BALLS RAGOUT.—Add to a poun potatoes a quarter of a pound of grated ha or some sweet herbs, or chopped parsley, onion or eschalot, salt, pepper, and a little grated nutmeg, and other spice, with the yol of a couple of eggs; then dress as *potatoes colloped*.

POTATO CHEESE CAKE.—One pound mashed potatoes, quarter of a pound of currants, quarter of a pound of sugar and butter, and four eggs, to be well mixed together; bake them in pattypans, having first lined them puff paste.

EGGS FOR BURNS.—The white of an egg proved of late the most efficacious remedy burns. Seven or eight successive applicati of this substance soothe the pain and effectu ly exclude the burned parts from the air.

BURNING FLUID.—Alcohol, 3 gallons; phene, 1 gallon; gum camphor, 1 ounce. solve the camphor in the alcohol, and mix.

NIGHT AND SLEEP.

BY COVENTRY PATMORE.

How strange at night, the bay
Of dogs; how wild the note
Of cocks that scream for day,
In homesteads far remote;
How strange and wild to hear
The old and crumbling tower
Amidst the darkness suddenly
Take life, and speak the hour.

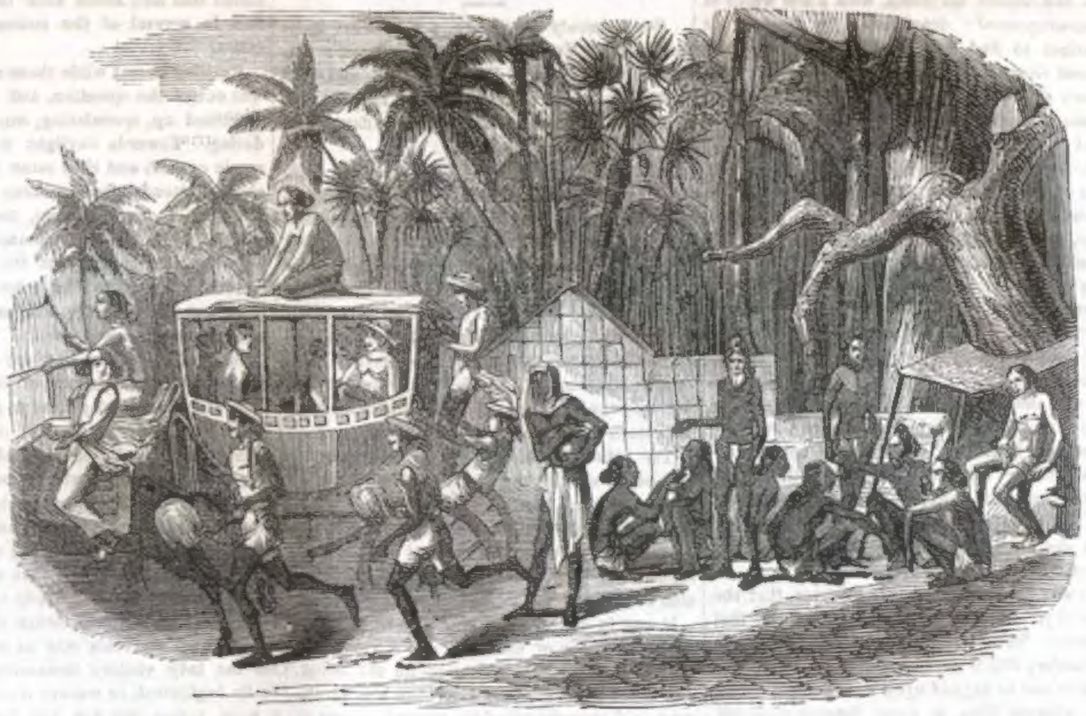
How strange it is to wake
And watch, while others sleep,
Till sight and hearing ache
For objects that may keep
The awful inner sense
Unroused, lest it should mark
The life that haunts the emptiness
And horror of the dark.

Albeit the love-sick brain
Affects the dreary moon,
All things alone refrain
From life's nocturnal swoon;
Men melancholy mad,
Beasts ravenous and sly,
The robber and the murderer,
Remorse, with lidless eye.

The nightingale is gay,
For she can vanquish night;
Dreaming, she sings of day,
Notes that make darkness bright;
But when the redunt gloom
Saddens the gaps of song,
We charge on her the dolefulness,
And call her cursed with wrong.

'Tis well that men should lie
All senseless, while the sun,
Coursing the nether sky,
Leaves half the world o'errun
With baleful shapes unseen;
And foul it is when we
By lewd carousal desecrate
Night's evil sanctity.

'Twere good that all should pray,
And so lie down to rest,
While yet the wholesome day
Is lingering in the west.
His prayer shall turn to peace,
Who still regards with awe
The midnight's noxious mystery,
And nature's genial law.



EAST INDIAN SCENE.

A sketch taken in the suburbs of Calcutta forms the subject of our engraving. It represents a native merchant returning from the city, and a party of Hindoo laborers, who, under the shade of the banyan tree, are smoking a sort of rude hookah made of a short tube and a cocoa-nut shell, which contains water, through which the smoke is drawn.

GRAYRIGG GRANGE.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

High up among the Westmorcland hills, there is a farm-house that goes by the name of Grayrigg Grange.

Grayrigg Grange was the seat of the Copplehursts, a great county family, in the olden time; but it has now been in ruins for more than a hundred years; and in one corner of what was formerly the court-yard, the present house has been erected, chiefly out of the materials of the ancient building. It is rudely built, but roomy and comfortable. Behind it, on the summit of the hill, the ruins spread out to a considerable extent, grass-grown, and moss-covered.

In front of the house stand enormous horse-chestnuts; beyond which, is a low, stone-wall; then the fields sweep gently down for a mile and a half, till you come to the high-road; beyond which flows the little river Sharf, celebrated for its trout; and half a mile past that, lies Heatherslack, a considerable village for those parts. The view is bounded by a wide stretch of barren moors, and the clouded summits of some distant hills.

The snow lies long among the nooks and corners of the ruins, after it has disappeared from the whole country side; and the winds run riot on the summit of Grayrigg Stoup, when all is warm and tranquil in the valley below.

Mark Hurlstone held the farm, on a lease from the Copplehursts, when I went to him, a lad of sixteen. His father and grandfather before him had held it on the same terms; and it was said that, in the old times, the Hurlstones had been henchmen, or retainers, to the great family at the Grange. Mark was a widower; and his two daughters, Grace and Letty, managed his household. He was getting into years when I first knew him; a tall, big-boned man, somewhat bowed at the shoulders; with iron gray hair and iron gray eyebrows, thick and beetling; beneath which flashed forth two dark, restless eyes, whose fire neither time nor age could subdue. He was well known for miles round Heatherslack as a local preacher, in behalf of one of the numerous religious sects, which, even then, had penetrated into the most primitive parts of the north country. He generally preached in the open air: but, on wet days, the loan of some friend's barn was usually obtained. Whether the day were wet or fine, his congregation was sure to be a numerous one; and his rude eloquence, and undoubted earnestness, seldom failed in having their wished-for effect, in inducing one or more of his auditors to become converts to his peculiar creed.

His fanaticism in religious matters colored the whole of his daily life. He governed his little household with a rod of iron, and judged everything by the text of a creed that knew neither toleration nor mercy beyond the narrow circle of its own elect. His imperious will, his irritability at trifles, his unsociable disposition, his entire disbelief in the harmony and beauty of the outer world, his daily readings from the Bible to his family—principally chapters from the Prophets, breathing denunciation and woe to a lost Israel—the long prayer with which he concluded, full of groans and strange cries, to which the night-wind outside moaned a dreary chorus; all these will be as apparent to you as if he were personally before you. Yet he was not without a certain largeness of disposition, and once forgave a great injury on receiving a solemn promise from the man who had wronged him, that he would read two chapters of the Bible daily, for twelve months to come.

Grace, his eldest daughter, was about sixteen years old at the time of which I write; and Letty, two years younger. On Grace had devolved from quite a child the entire care and management of the household; and such a wise, thrifty little housekeeper did she make, that even her father deferred to her in all domestic matters, while to Letty she was both mother and sister in one. A tall, graceful girl, with a pale olive complexion, which not all the sun and wind that visited Grayrigg could embrown; grave, dark eyes; a low voice; and a quiet, thoughtful way of going about things, befitting one on whom so many cares devolved.

But Letty, how shall I describe her? A bird of the summer woods, ever singing, ever gay. She had caught a sunbeam, and held it prisoner in her heart; but it laughed through her large, blue eyes, and quivered in her voice, and nourished the delicate roses in her cheeks, and shone up through the sheaf of her golden hair, and declared its presence by a thousand tokens.

I was sent to Grayrigg as soon as I had finished my schooling, to learn to become a farmer under old Mark Hurlstone; hoping to possess in time a farm of my own. Mark and my father had been close friends for many years; so, for the sake of that friendship the old farmer received me as an inmate under his roof; and welcomed me, with grim kindness, to my future home.

Friendships soon ripen between young people in country places; in a week after my arrival, I felt quite at home at the Grange, and perfectly contented. Letty and I got on famously together. She called me her slave, and ordered me about in her sweet, imperious way, and had a thousand tasks for me to perform. If I did not obey her orders promptly, or if I displeased her in any way, I was punished by having my hair pulled, or by being pinched sharply in the arm; or was, perhaps, forbidden to speak to her again that day; my sentence, in the latter case, being generally commuted in the course of an hour or two, it being impossible for her to exist without having some one to chatter to; "and Grace, you know, is such a quiet girl, and has so little to say for herself." And then, in frosty weather, I must teach my lady to slide on the ponds; and keep fast hold of her hand to prevent her from falling; or we must snowball each other till we were tired. And then, in spring, I must find out the birds' nests for her; and take her to look at the little speckled eggs—merely to look, and not to carry them away; "for you know, Thurston, that would be cruel; and father would be ever so angry with me, if he thought I had so much as touched them."

Each season brought its own peculiar delights. What could be pleasanter in summer than a romp in the hay-fields; and we never had more fun than in autumn, when I had to climb the large trees in the orchard, and shake down the ripe fruit into the quilt held below to catch it as it fell. Then, as her slave, I had of course her garden to keep in order, and her chickens to look after; with numberless errands into Heatherslack for cotton or worsted, or what not. It was my dearest delight to obey her every whim; and when she tapped me on the head with her thimble, and said "Good slave!" my happiness was complete.

With Grace it was impossible ever to become so familiar. She was so occupied with her domestic duties, and her thought for others, that she seemed to have no time left to think of pleasure for herself. Her real influence was never perceived till her sister was beset by some little trouble, or her father knew not how to decide in some difficult matter. At such times they always resorted to her; and her sympathy and counsel were never offered in vain.

I grew fonder of Letty day by day. I never asked myself what was the feeling with which I regarded her. It was sufficient for me that I lived beneath the same roof with her, that I saw her daily, that I was of service to her in many ways, and that she was ever frank and affectionate toward me. I asked no more than this: I was content. I did not know, circumstances had never brought the knowledge before me, the depth of affection that existed for her in my heart; nor what a great passion I should have to do battle with, should the bond between us ever be broken. The knowledge came upon me one day, unawares.

I had been two years at the Grange, and was eighteen years old. Letty and I were invited out one day to a wedding in Heatherslack, a wedding-party in the old-fashioned style, to which all the relations and intimate friends of the newly-married couple were invited; and at which all sorts of old country games were enacted; the bride and bridegroom taking part therein. It was midnight before we thought of departing. The bride lighted us to the door, and after bidding us good-night, added playfully to Letty: "I hope when your turn comes—and I suppose it won't be long before you change your name—you'll not forget to invite us to your wedding.

"I don't know what you mean," said Letty, coldly.

"Oh, no offence," replied the bride.—"Though, if all be true that's reported in Heatherslack, it won't be long before you and Thurston there, are married."

"It's a pity that the people in Heatherslack have nothing better to do than set about reports that will never come true—no, never!"

My lady was all a-fire now, and moved off homeward like an offended queen. This dialogue, brief as it was, awakened in my heart new hopes and aspirations unknown before. Why should not report speak truly for once? Such a consummation, while seeming but the natural result of our long intimacy, would add the crowning happiness to my life. Nothing venture, nothing have. I would put the question to the proof that very night—then. She was walking on, a few paces from me, somewhat softened now, as it appeared to me; gazing dreamily at the moon as she walked.

"And what if report speaks truly in this case, Letty?" said I; "would there be anything so terrible in such a fate?"

"Such a thing can never be, Thurston," she said; "let me tell you so once for all. See, here is Grace come to meet us."

From that time our intercourse was marked by a feeling of restraint; springing, in the first instance, from Letty alone, but soon influencing me also; although I strove hard at first to win her back to the gay, frank life of yore.—From the day she read in my eyes that I loved her, she grew shy and reserved towards me; no longer taking long rambles with me into the woods, or appearing to care for me; but rather avoiding me, or so it seemed. I was no longer her slave; and when she wished me to do anything for her, instead of a command, a timid "If you please, Thurston," prefaced the expression of her desires.

Autumn and winter passed away, and spring was come once more, when, about the middle of May, Mark sent me to attend a fair in a distant town, in charge of a number of sheep for sale. I was away four days. It was evening when I approached the Grange on my return. Leaving the highroad, I struck into a footpath across the fields, so as to save about half-a mile in the distance, and reach home sooner. The path wound along by the side of the river before turning off at a right angle for the farm.—Passing through a gap in a high hedge that was just bursting into bloom, I came suddenly upon two individuals, one at least of whom seemed as surprised as myself at the unexpected meeting. I have the picture before me now as distinctly as I saw it at that moment, so strongly did it impress itself on my memory in the instant that I stood, silent and surprised, to note it. On the top of a grassy bank that sloped gently down for a few feet till it met the river, stood Letty, holding in one hand her bonnet by its strings of blue ribbon, and in the other a small gilt-edged book, shut up, her forefinger between the leaves. She stood in the light of sunset, basked in its glory; her unbound curls gleaming rich and lustrous, as though her hair were powdered with gold dust. A startled look, half-surprise, half-shame, flushed up from her bosom to her forehead as she glanced round and saw me. This was the only sign of recognition she gave me. She turned at once so that I could not see her face; and opening her book, began to read.

Half-way down the bank, but untouched by the light of sunset, lay a young man, indolently reclining on one elbow, and smoking a cigar; the leaves of his sketch-book being turned over by the gentle wind. He was negligently dressed, in a fashionable and luxurious style. A small brown moustache shaded his mouth; and I could not help noticing that he was handsome. He looked up vacantly as I pushed the branches on one side; and met my gaze, as I walked past, with a cold, steady, insolent stare.

Surely the weather must have suddenly changed; else what was it that heated me in a moment; that parched my lips, and made my skin so dry and feverish; that blurred the sunset, and caused strange lights to dance and flicker redly before my eyes?

I would not turn to look at them. Why should I? What did it matter to me if two young people chose to meet each other on a spring evening by the side of a river? Nothing—less than nothing. Letty had never cared for me; why then allow myself to be disturbed by such a trifle? Nevertheless I would not go into the house just yet. I would wait for my lady by the thorn-tree in the hollow, and she should see how lightly I took it. I knew that she must be at home by half-past nine, to be in time for prayers.

She came as I expected. I could see her, as she turned the corner, coming slowly along the path, in a musing mood; her eyes bent on the ground. She stood still for a moment when she perceived me, undecided which way to turn; but there was no other path, without going a long way round, so she came on steadily, as though she had not seen me.

"Good-evening, Miss Letty; I hope you have enjoyed your ramble?"

"Very much," she quietly replied.

"Do you always choose such handsome young gentlemen for your companions when you take a walk—gentlemen with moustaches, too, that cannot find a civil word for poor country folk?"

She was silent for a moment or two; then turning toward me with eyes brimfull of tears,

"Oh, Thurston," she said; "this is not like you! You are unkind. I am in your power, and you take advantage of it."

I could not bear to think that I had caused her a moment's pain. Anything rather than that. The sight of her tears brought back my better self at once.

"Dearest," I replied, "let me call you so once, if never again—I have loved you tenderly and well for three happy years. I have long seen that you did not love me in return; but, till this evening, I never knew that your affections belonged to another. Can you wonder that the cup was bitter to my lips? I was rude to you a moment ago; pray forgive me; and do not fear that I shall offend you on that score again. I trust that you will be happy; but, before I leave you, let me ask you one question: Does your father know, does Grace know, that your walks are no longer solitary?"

"Neither of them knows yet," she replied with some hesitation.

"Tell them at once, then," I said. "Do not slight their love so far as to keep them in ignorance of what they should be the first to learn."

"Not yet—not yet!" she hurriedly replied. "They will both know all in good time, and you also. It is a secret at present, but everything will soon be cleared up and explained; and Thurston, dear Thurston! if you do really love me, you must promise me, solemnly promise me, that you will not reveal what you have seen, or what I have told you this evening—not to any one without my permission."

"I promise you," I replied sadly. "But oh, Letty! let me entreat you, once more, to keep it a secret from your father no longer."

"I cannot tell him," she said. "You do not know all, or you would not press me. Remember what you have promised; and Thurston, believe me, you will find your consolation where you least expect it."

I kept my promise and told no one. Every evening she went out for an hour or more, taking care to return in time for prayers; and, as this was a habit which she had generally practised in fine weather, no suspicions were excited at home. From inquiries made by me in Heatherslack, I learnt that the stranger's name was Reginald Cave, Esquire; that he came from London; that he was apparently a young man of fortune; that he was staying at the best inn in the village; and that he spent the greater part of his time in sketching the picturesque features of the neighborhood. I never saw Letty and him together after that first meeting. I avoided them, and took care that my walks were in a direction quite opposite to theirs. For all I had seemed to yield up Letty so easily in our conversation beneath the thorn-tree, it was not till after many a stern encounter, all alone on the dark moorlands, with the raging passion at my heart, that I finally conquered, and could coolly say I was free. It seemed so hard at that time, while the struggle was going on, to have to yield up to another, all that I most cherished on earth; and to see all my brightest hopes vanish like the rosy mists of morn, leaving the dark crags of life bare and stern before me! It is sufficient to say that I conquered; and that from that hour my life took quite a different color, and its purposes shaped themselves to quite different ends. Sitting here in this calm aftertime—calm in its freedom from such heartburnings and internal strife—I sometimes ask myself whether that loss was all loss to me, or whether there was not something gained; something gained in the power of self-control, in the lesson of self-abnegation then first learnt, in the breaking of a wider horizon; and, later on, in the birth of that star, in whose clear light I now serenely walk. But, at that time, it seemed all a bitter loss—a darkness haunted by dim ghosts of the past.

"Where's Letty?" said Mark one evening, as he drew the candle towards him, and opened the family Bible, preparatory to his usual reading.

"I've not seen her since six o'clock," answered Grace. "Probably she is up stairs;" and going to the foot of the staircase, she called "Letty!" twice, but there was no reply. "Perhaps she is in the garden, or somewhere among the ruins looking at the moon, as she is sometimes fond of doing," added Grace. So, opening the front door, she went out, and we could hear her call her sister several times.

"Confound the girl!" said Mark testily. "If she can't tell the time better, I shall forbid her going out at all of an evening."

From the first moment that she was missed, my heart misgave me; I dreaded something wrong and felt an instinctive certainty that she would not be found.

Grace came back. "Letty is not outside," she said, looking rather scared. "Perhaps," she added, brightening up, as the thought struck her, "perhaps she has gone up stairs tired, and has fallen asleep on the bed." So up-stairs she went, and was away several minutes.

Mark's impatience kept momentarily increasing. To keep him waiting in that way! such a thing had never been known. So he poked the fire till he had poked half of it out of the grate; then he snuffed the candle till he snuffed it out, and then he fell into a passion because he could not readily light it; muttering and growling to himself all the time, and evidently near explosion. Having at length succeeded in lighting the candle, he could contain himself no longer.

"Grace! Grace!" he called, emphasizing loudly on the floor with his stick; "come down, and we'll go on without the hussy!"

So Grace came slowly down in answer to the appeal, and entered the room, all white and trembling; an open letter in her hand.

"She's gone!" said Grace, in a whisper that ended in a sob.

"Gone! who's gone?" said Mark.

"Letty. Fled from home. I found this," holding up a letter, "on my pillow."

The old man sat quite still for a minute or two, moaning feebly to himself, and staring with blank eyes at Grace, who stood, white and immovable as a statue, in the middle of the floor.

"Read it, Thurston!" he said at last, speaking with apparent effort. I took the letter from the impassive hand of Grace, and read as follows:

"My Dear, Dear Grace—When you read this I shall be far from home; far from my dear father and all of you. Oh, Grace! my heart bleeds as I write these words of farewell; but you will—you must forgive me when you know all. I am going to be married. Reginald loves me so truly, and is so kind and devoted to me, that I should not do him justice were I to say that the prospect of becoming his wife does not make me happy; but, alas! this parting from those that I love so fondly is almost more than I can bear. My heart is distracted with anguish. I hardly know what I write; and had I not the perfect assurance of his love, I should be miserable indeed. Our marriage will have to remain a secret for a short time. Family circumstances, Reginald says, render such a step imperative. He has trusted his fortune into my hands; and were our marriage to become at once known, his prospects in life would be destroyed; his family are so proud. So we are going to live in the utmost seclusion for a month or two, after which everything will come right. I shall write you again after the ceremony is over, and send you my address; for you will write to me, won't you, sister dear? I know your loving heart too well to doubt you. But my father, Grace? Break it to him gently. How will he bear it? I cannot bear to think about it. I dare not write any more, or my resolution will give way. God bless you all! Letty."

"God help me!" said the old man, when I had concluded. "My own Letty to do this! And she so like her mother!"

"Father," said Grace, suddenly, "it may not be too late to overtake her and bring her back. Let Thurston and me go. She could not resist me, I am sure. She cannot yet be far on the road, and if we can overtake her, all may yet be well."

"Stop!" said the old man sternly, as Grace was springing to the door. "Stop! Of her own free will has she gone forth, and of her own free will must she return—if she ever return. Not a finger will I stretch forth to bring her back. I renounce her; I cut her off from my household; her name shall not be remembered in my prayers. From this day forth, I have no such daughter; and remember, girl, and thou too, Thurston, that she has become to me as a thing that is not; and that on this hearth, which she has disgraced, her name must never more be mentioned! Never more! Do you understand me? She has become the outcast of her family, and a stranger henceforth to the home of her childhood. And now, let us worship the Lord."

There was that in his tone and manner which awed both Grace and me. We had neither words nor courage to reply.

Never did the old man read with finer emphasis, or finer tone, the withering denunciations of the Prophet against sinners and backsliders than on that night; never did he offer up a more eloquent prayer for strength, than in that hour of his tribulation. As soon as it was over, he lighted his candle; and, after kissing Grace with much tenderness, and shaking me warmly by the hand, he strode firmly across the floor, and so up-stairs, as if to show that his spirit was unbroken.

A week, a fortnight, a month, passed away, but brought no tidings from Letty. She was like one removed from us by death. Although, after the night of her departure, her name was never mentioned in the old man's presence, so that if a stranger had come to reside among us, he would never have known that we had suffered such a loss; yet we all waited with aching patience, hoping from day to day to receive some letter or token of her whereabout. Every morning, with renewed hope, old Mark went down to Heatherslack alone; and although he never told us where he was going, we knew that his visits were to the post-office; every morning he returned, downcast and silent, and longing for the morrow. For six months he went, and never missed a day; at the end of that time, he put on a suit of mourning, and went no more.

About this time I determined to leave Grayrigg Grange. My present life had become distasteful to me; the future held out no attractive prospect; and I felt like one in bondage who must break his chains or die. The desire of travel took possession of me; the unrest of an unquiet heart, sick of the dull routine of daily duties, and longing to find amid distant scenes a balm for all its ills. Glowing accounts of that new world beyond the sea, every day developing some new wonder, reached me by fits and starts, even there; sometimes from a near relation of mine who had gone to America; sometimes from the newspapers. I read all the books of travel I could procure that bore on the subject; and at last, I determined to go and visit it myself.

"What! and thou too, lad?" said Mark, when I broke my project to him. "Art thou also going to leave us? Well; these are times of change and portent. Surely the latter days spoken of by the Prophet, are drawing nigh; all things are becoming unstable; and the lust of gold is devouring the hearts of men. Beware of that vile passion, Thurston! Give not thy soul in bondage to the glittering demon; and may an old man's blessing go with thee, wherever thy steps may tend!"

"I commend your resolution," said Grace, when I told her that I was going. "You have fretted too long against the bars of this poor cage. Go! Liberty and a wider range of action will remake you, and strengthen you in every way. But, Thurston, do not forget those you leave behind! Remember the old man and his daughter; who will not forget your name in their nightly prayers; and who will often, often think of you. And, Thurston, if you can find time to write us a few lines now and then, I need not say how happy we shall be to receive them; though if we should never hear from you, nor see you again, we can never think of my dear lost sister without remembering you too."

There was a soft humid light in her eyes as she said these words; and from that time till the day of my departure it never left them. She seemed often strangely absent in mind, too, during these few weeks, as though deeply communing with herself; and yet she did not seem unhappy, but had a smile ever ready, both for her father and for me. There was the handwriting on the wall, in characters faint but clear; but my eyes were filmed so that I could not read it.

I have hitherto related my story as an eye-witness of its incidents. I have now to relate circumstances which happened apart from me, and which I did not learn till long afterwards; how I learnt them may be gathered from the sequel.

After my departure, matters, to all appearance, went on as usual at the Grange; but, those who knew Mark Hurlstone well, began to note that the old man was changing for the worse. His sermons were no longer so vigorous or so eloquent as of yore. He frequently repeated himself; and had strange lapses of memory, which astonished those who were accustomed to hear him. His thick, black hair was fast becoming thin and gray; and he could no longer walk far, without resting by the way. At home he would sit of an evening for hours together, staring blankly at the fire, and never uttering a word; but Grace knew well where his thoughts were. One day, during the succeeding winter, he was suddenly taken ill. He was confined to his bed for several weeks; but eventually he recovered, and went about again much as before, except that he looked older, and stooped more. When the doctor whom Grace had called in, made his last visit, he took her on one side before leaving the house.

"It is my duty to tell you," he said, looking very grave, "that your father will never be the same man that he was before this illness. He will require constant watchfulness at your hands. You must keep his mind as quiet and free from care as possible. Above all things, do not let him become excited, or I cannot answer for the consequences."

Two years had elapsed since Letty's flight, when one day, towards the end of the year, Grace received a letter from her. It was dated London, and ran as follows:

"My Dear Sister.—Necessity compels me to take up my pen and write you these few lines, which I hope will find you well, as also my dear father. I did intend never to write to you, or let you know in what strange place your lost Letty had striven to hide her disgrace; and were it not for my child—for I have a child, Grace, as beautiful as an angel—you would never have heard from me more. But I cannot bear to see my baby pining away with cold and hunger. My money is all gone; I have parted with my few things, one by one, till I have nothing left but the rags that cover me; and now they threaten to turn me into the street because I cannot pay the rent of my garret; and then what will become of my poor babe this bitter weather? Grace, I have no resource but you. I ask not to come home—I do not wish to disgrace you by my presence—but send me some money, Grace, for we are starving; and oh, send me a few kind words, for my heart also is hungry! How does my dear father bear it? Is he well? Is he happy? Oh, how the old times come back to me in dreams and visions by night, when I used to sit on his knee, with my arms round his neck, while he smoked his pipe by the chimney-corner! I cannot write any more, for Kitty is getting cross, and wants both pen and paper. She shall kiss the letter before I send it.

"Letty."

Grace went quietly about her work all the morning, with the letter in her bosom, thinking the matter over, and asking herself what had best be done. As soon as dinner was over, she went down into Heatherslack, to the minister's house; and finding Mr. Drayton at home, asked for the loan of two sovereigns; a favor which he readily granted. To the two sovereigns thus obtained Grace added one of her own, the only one she had; and obtaining an order for the amount, sent it off by that night's post, with a brief but loving letter to Letty, bidding her pay her little debts, and then come down by railway as far as she could, and take the coach thence on to Heatherslack, where Grace would meet her, on her writing to say what day she would be there, and would conduct her home, after breaking the news to her father. This plan was the best that Grace could think of; for, knowing the sternness of her father's disposition, and how obstinately he stuck to any line of conduct on which he had determined, she was afraid of appealing to his feelings from a letter only, and thought that the sight of his long lost child would have a power over him a hundred-fold greater than anything else.

Five days elapsed, but brought no answer from Letty. Grace began to grow anxious. The weather was very bleak. For the last fortnight, a black frost had held the earth in its iron grip. There had been neither rain

nor snow, but a dull heavy sky, and a wind that pierced to your very marrow. For three evenings back, Grace had met the coach, which reached Heatherslack about six o'clock; and as often had she turned away disappointed at not finding the wished-for form. To-morrow would be Christmas day. Surely, thought Grace, my sister will come this evening—I feel sure that she will; and we shall all spend a happy Christmas day together, as we used to do years ago. But Thurston will not be here. He is far away across the sea. When will he come back!

In spite of the frost and the wind, and as if in defiance of them, her father had been better and heartier for the last few weeks than for months before; and when, after dinner, she put on her cloak and set out for Heatherslack, to purchase a few simple luxuries for to-morrow's feast, she left him cheerfully: trusting to come back with tidings that would make his heart beat warm and high. He was seated in his great arm-chair, near the fire, smoking his pipe: silent, as he usually was, but still with a cheerful look about him, she thought, as she paused for a moment to take a last glance, before closing the door. She noticed, as soon as she got out, that the sky looked heavier than usual, and that the wind had dropped, and the weather had become much warmer. "We shall have snow before the night's over," she said to herself, as she hastened down toward the village. She had several little purchases to make, and a sick friend to call upon, so that the afternoon wore away faster than she thought; and it was nearly dark, and the snow had begun to come down thick and fast, before she was ready to return home. As the hour was so late, and the weather was so bad, she determined to wait for the coach, instead of going home, and then coming back to Heatherslack, as she first intended. Her father would not require her presence for an hour or two, so it would not matter.

Thicker and faster the snow came down, and darkness fell over hill and dale. Still old Mark sat composedly before the fire; never moving, except to replenish it with some pieces of turf, or to glance at the weather without. He must have fallen unconsciously into a nap; for, when he woke up, it was quite dark outside; and would have been in the room also, but for the cheerful blaze of the fire, which threw a glancing fitful light into every corner. Was that some one knocking at the door? Surely it must be. Where was Grace? Why was she not come home before now? It was long past tea-time, as she must be aware. Another knock.

"Come in!" he gruffly exclaimed; and turned round to see who the unusual visitor could be.

Slowly the door opened, and on the threshold, stood a ghastly, tottering figure, hooded with snow, clasping something to its bosom.

"Father, forgive me!" was all that she said, in dreary, heart-broken accents.

The old man had recognized her in a moment; and now stood up, trembling, but still looking as cold and grim as though he were carved in stone.

"What, thou art come back, art thou?" he exclaimed, in hoarse, passionate tones. "I knew it would be so, when thy sweetheart tired of thee. If it is money thou wantest, thou shalt have it: but, begone, and let me see thy face no more!"

"Oh, father, have mercy!"

"There is no mercy for such as thou! I disown thee! Thou art no daughter of mine; so —away, away!"

"— mercy on my child!"

"Thy child! Thy — grace! Come not near me, I say! Stop not over my threshold! I have vowed that this roof shall never cover thee again; and now I swear it once more: so—so—"

What was it that suddenly came over him—that took away, in one brief moment, his power of utterance, and the strength from his limbs; and caused him to drop helplessly into his chair, with an inarticulate moan?

But Letty saw not the terrible change that came over her father. She had not heard his last words; but had turned away, and closing the door noiselessly behind her, had wandered back into the bitter cold and darkness. And still the snow fell thick and fast.

What were the thoughts that passed through the old man's mind, as he sat there, helpless and alone, struck by an invisible hand? The clock ticked loudly in the corner; the merry blaze leaped and sparkled up the chimney; but he could neither stir nor speak. Anon the great house dog, chained up in his kennel close by, began to howl, with a long wailing howl that curdled the blood of those who heard it. And still the snow fell thick and fast.

Down in Heatherslack, Grace, waiting for the coach, was again doomed to disappointment. Strangers every one, with no Letty among them. She turned towards home, sick at heart, and fearful of some impending misfortune. She was too much accustomed to snow-storms to care for such trifles; so she tramped rapidly onward, feeling afraid that her father would be out of temper at her long absence. The loud howling of the dog, as she neared home, startled her; and she pushed forward still more quickly, until the sight of the fire-light streaming through the window, reassured her beating heart. Her father was sitting just as she had left him, some hours before; but, the moment she entered the house, he turned his head, and gazed at her with such a wild, agonized look, that she involuntarily exclaimed, "Father, are you ill?" He could only shake his head, and moan sadly in reply.

"Oh, father, what is to do? Cannot you speak to me? Again he shook his head. Then, taking his stick with his one serviceable hand, he drew it across the soot at the back of the chimney; and wrote slowly on the wall, with painful effort, letter by letter, in characters uncouth but still legible, the word Letty; and then, dropping his stick, pointed towards the window, and looked at her again. Grace comprehended it all in an instant. Her sister had come while she was out. Feeling ashamed of venturing into Heatherslack, where she was so well known, Letty had left the coach a mile or two from the village, and had come across the country on foot, thinking to find Grace at home. But why had she not written?

Grace instantly lighted the large horn lantern that hung in the corner and rushed out of doors in search of Letty. The dog was still howling loudly as she got outside; and a thought suddenly struck her as she heard it. Going into the outhouse, where the animal was fastened up, she loosed his chain, with a few words of encouragement: determining to trust to his instinct to find Letty. After snuffing wildly round Grace a few times, he set off with a bark down the hill, towards a barn which stood at some distance from the house. There, he stopped; and there, when Grace came up to him, she found her sister lying, a shapeless heap, on the ground: half drifted up with snow, and apparently lifeless. Raising her, and propping her, as well as she could, against the wall, she unclasped her frigid arms, and took from her the baby; which was warmly wrapped up, and pressed close to her heart. It gave a feeble cry when Grace lifted it, which thrilled through her heart, and brought the tears for the first time to her eyes. She ran with it into the house; and wrapping it in her thick gray cloak, laid it on the hearth before the fire; and then went back to Letty. Grace was strong and robust, but how she managed to lift up that heavy inert form, and carry it into the house, she never afterwards knew. There it was at last; and she sunk down almost fainting with the exertion.

It was but for a moment, however, that she thus lay. Something must be done, and that at once. She could detect no signs of life in her sister; still it would not do to despair. She had no one to depend upon save herself, for all the laborers lived at some distance from the farm; and on such a night, with the country deep in snow, it would be best to go direct to Heatherslack for assistance. But time was precious, and she would not lose a moment in seeking assistance, till she had exhausted every effort of her own. She was not ignorant of what it was necessary to do on such occasions; and for nearly an hour she tried, unavailingly, to bring back animation to the torpid limbs; but her sinking heart told her at last that all her efforts were in vain. All this time the child was crying feebly in the corner near the fire; so she gave it a few spoonsfull of warm milk and sugar; after which it sank off to sleep, sucking its little hand. She would not yet believe that her sister was dead, but would run down into Heatherslack for the doctor, who was, indeed, required to attend to her father also. And so, having quieted the child, she set off. And still the snow fell thick and fast.

Now, it happened that on that very evening, and at the same hour, I was making my way through the storm towards Grayrigg. I had returned a day or two before, from my wanderings; still unsettled, still vaguely dissatisfied with I knew not what; till at last, homesick and weary, I found myself once more among my native hills. After spending a short time at home, I set off to visit my friends at Grayrigg. I had got about half way between Heatherslack and the farm, when I was encountered by a female figure, looming swiftly through the darkness: whom I should have passed without recognition, but for a chance exclamation caused by our sudden meeting. I could not be mistaken in the voice.

"Grace Hurlstone!" I exclaimed.

"Thurston—Thurston, is that you? Thank Heaven that you are come! Ask me no questions at present, but hasten into the village, and fetch Doctor Davis up to the Grange, as soon as you can. I must go back now, but do not be long before you follow."

She was gone again before I could reply; so deeply pondering, I did her bidding as swiftly as possible. In the course of half-an-hour the doctor and I were on our way to the Grange.

Meanwhile, Grace had got back home, and found her father as she had left him, staring stonily at the pallid features of his daughter, upturned beside him as she lay on the floor; her yellow hair, once so smooth and beautiful, falling in tangled disorder round her face; while at a short distance from her, her infant lay, calmly sleeping, unconscious of its loss.—Grace once more applied herself to the task of restoration; and, thus occupied, we found her on our arrival. But the breath of life had fled forever from the loved form. Our dear one was dead.

A weary time elapsed after that sad evening. Mark, after a while, recovered in some measure the use of his speech; but was never afterwards able to walk. At his desire, I undertook the superintendence of the farm. Little Kitty grew and throve wonderfully under the tender care of her aunt Grace; a slight fragile child, like her mother in form and features; a most loving disposition; soon moved to tears, but not readily consoled. Old Mark grew passionately fond of her; when she began to run about, and to climb on to his knees, he could scarcely bear her out of his sight, the day through. In warm weather he used to be wheeled out in his arm-chair, beneath the chestnuts in front of the house, and there smoke his pipe, while Kitty played beside him. As the powers of his mind gradually weakened, he often fancied himself a young man again, and that Kitty's mother was again a child playing round him; and was permitted to forget the sad events of later times. And so his life gradually burnt itself out; until Grace was hardly surprised when, one day, on taking him a cup of tea, as he sat beneath the trees, she found him sitting in his chair dead; with the unconscious child playing at his feet.

Drawn together by the bond of a common affection for our loved one in the grave, now that I lived once more under the same roof with Grace, there gradually grew up between us an attachment of a warmer nature. I say that it grew up between us, but in truth it came to be within us both, and there was one of us in whom it was not new. A few months after Mark's death, we were married. Not till we were man and wife did Grace reveal to me that she had loved me in secret for several years; but, seeing that my heart was with Letty, she had put her love away like a faded flower; and had gone on doing her duty quietly and without a murmur. The troubled clouds had parted at last; and the star of peace, serene and beautiful, shone down into my heart; and there it shines still, and will shine till the end.

☞ To dispel ignorance, to show how man can help man, notwithstanding the complicated state of civilized society, ought to be the aim of every philanthropic person; but it is more peculiarly the duty of those who, under the blessing of Divine Providence, enjoy station, wealth, and education.

☞ If you want an ignoramus to respect you, "dress to death," and wear watch seals about the size of a brickbat.

INVISIBLE GHOSTS.

Some twenty years ago, a rich West India merchant, a Mr. Walderburn, purchased an estate in the county of Kent, England, and went thither to reside with his wife and family; said family consisting of two sons and two daughters, all of whom were grown up.

The house on the estate was a fine old mansion in the Elizabethan style of architecture, and the grounds by which it was surrounded were laid out with great care and in excellent taste. The property had belonged originally to a baronet who had distinguished himself in political life. So perfect a property was never purchased for so small a sum. The house and grounds—known as Carlville—together with one hundred acres of arable land, were knocked down by the illustrious George Robins for nine thousand, two hundred and fifty pounds.

The estate had been in the possession of its late owner's family for upwards of two hundred years. In that house had been born several eminent military men, a naval hero, a very distinguished lawyer, a statesman of no ordinary repute, and a lady celebrated for her remarkable beauty and her wit.

It was in the autumn that Mr. Walderburn took possession of Carlville, and a number of guests were invited to inaugurate the event. The elder son of Mr. Walderburn was in the army, and brought with him several officers of his regiment. The younger son was at the University of Oxford, and was accompanied to his father's new home by three intimate college friends. The Misses Walderburn had also their especial favorites; and they, too, journeyed to Carlville. A merrier party it would be difficult to imagine.

On the evening of the third day, when the ladies had just risen from the dinner-table and retired to the drawing-room, the sound of carriage wheels, and presently a loud rapping at the door, were distinctly heard. As no visitor was expected, this startled the host; who, finding that no one had been announced, was tempted to inquire of the footman:

"Who was that?"

"No one, sir," was the reply.

"Did you hear a rap at the door?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you open the door?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you not see any one?"

"No one, sir."

"Very strange!" ejaculated Mr. Walderburn, passing round the bottles which were standing before him.

In another five minutes there was heard, for the second time, a sound of carriage wheels, followed by a vigorous rapping at the door, which was opened. But the footman saw no one, and conveyed this information to his master without waiting to be questioned.

Mr. Walderburn, his sons, and his guests, were at a loss to comprehend the matter. There were three young gentlemen living at Glenpark (an estate near Carlville) who were just then under a cloud, in consequence of having committed sundry irregularities during the absence of their mother and sisters on the continent. These young gentlemen (the eldest was four-and-twenty, and the youngest was just of age) were fond of practical joking; and to their account this rapping at the door was laid. While the stupidity of such conduct was being remarked upon, there came, for the third time, the sound of carriage wheels, followed by a very loud rapping. On this occasion, Mr. Walderburn sprang up and went out, determined to catch and severely punish these senseless intruders. The younger son, armed with a stick, ran round by the back way to cut off the retreat of the vehicle, while the elder son opened the hall door. It was a brilliant moonlight night, but no carriage nor any person was to be seen.

Mr. Walderburn's sons stood in front of the mansion, discoursing on the oddness of the recent proceeding. That a human hand had rapped at the door there was no sort of doubt in their minds, and that the sound they had heard previously to the rapping was the sound of carriage wheels and the tramp of horses, they were equally certain. In order to be prepared for the next visit, they crouched down and secreted themselves behind a large shrub. They had not been in this position for more than five minutes when a sound of wheels and of horses' hoofs induced them to look around them earnestly and intently. They saw nothing; but they heard a carriage pulled up at the door, the steps let down, then the rapping at the door, the rustling of silk dresses, the steps put up again, and the moving away of the carriage towards the stables.

None of the Walderburn family were timid people, or believers in ghosts. The young men, therefore, without scruple, went into the drawing-room, where all the inmates of the house were now assembled, and made known what had occurred. As is usually the case on such occasions, their statement was received with laughter and incredulity.

And now there came another rapping at the door, and the big footman, who had heard the young masters' report in the drawing-room, trembled so violently, that the cups and saucers on the tray, which he was handing round, began to reel, dance and stagger.

"Listen!" said the elder son of Mr. Walderburn.

All listened, and distinctly heard the sound of carriage wheels and of horses' hoofs.

There was a huge portico before the front door of the mansion, and on the top thereof a balcony. Thence the eye could command the sight of any vehicle coming in or going out of either of the great gates. Thither the whole party repaired to look for the ghosts.

It was not long before the noises already described were again heard, but nothing could be seen. Every one now set to work to divine the cause of these supernatural sounds. One said that it was the wind through the trees; another, that there must be a drain under the premises inhabited by rats; a third suggested distant thunder, and so on. But then there was the rapping at the door by invisible hands. And for this everybody was equally at a loss to account.

This rapping and arrival of invisible carriages was continued till about half-past ten. It then ceased, and gave way to sounds more supernatural still. There arose a sound of subdued music through the mansion. It was no delusion. Every one heard it—servants included—heard it distinctly, and could follow the old tunes to which our forefathers used to dance. And some, who listened most attentively, declared that they could hear the movement of feet in several of the rooms and upon the stairs.

Retiring to rest while these noises continued was out of the question, and the whole party remained up, speculating, surmising and wondering. Towards daylight the sound of the music ceased, and then came the noise which always attends the breaking-up of a ball.—Shutting of carriage-doors, moving onward of horses, &c. The reader must understand, however, that throughout the whole of these extraordinary noises, the sound of the human voice was never heard; and, as already stated, nothing whatever was seen.

Daylight put an end to any alarm that had crept among the members of the party at Carlville, and the majority went to rest.

The evil consequences of the past night's events were speedily manifested. The female servants, one and all, wished to leave the service. They would not on any terms, they said, remain in a house that was haunted. They insisted on going at once, being quite prepared to forfeit their wages, if that step should be taken. The maids of the lady visitors also declared that they would rather not remain another night; and this was an excellent reason for the lady visitors themselves, who were really frightened, to remove from Carlville. In a word, before the day had passed, Carlville was left to the members of the Walderburn family, and a few of the men-servants.

Night came, and all was as still as the grave.

No sound of carriage, no noise of any sort or kind. The Walderburns, who were strong-minded people, began to reason on the matter, and came to the conclusion that the impressions of the past night were mere delusions, that the imagination of one person, in the first instance, had fired the imagination of the rest, and that then the idea had become a fixed idea with all. New female servants were engaged from a town ten miles distant, and the establishment of Carlville was once more perfect in every particular.

The gentlefolks in the vicinity now began to call upon the Walderburns who were anxious to question them about the supernatural noises, which still stole over their minds; but somehow or other they felt ashamed to do so, especially as there had been no recurrence of these noises. Among others who called at Carlville was Mr. Estrelle, a very gentlemanlike and clever man of about thirty years of age. The Walderburn family were charmed with him, and the sons especially cultivated his acquaintance.

One day the conversation happening to turn upon the Carlville estate and its late proprietor, Mr. Estrelle spoke as follows:

"Old Sir Hugh was something more than eccentric. He was at times insane. Conscious of being so, he retired from public life, and came down here to live. He held aloof from all the families in the neighborhood. I was the only person whose visits he received, and I frequently dined with him. He had always covers laid for twenty, even when he dined alone. The fact was, he used to say, that he never knew when his guests would, or would not come. Especially the ladies. I should mention that these guests to whom Sir Hugh attended, were shadows; imaginary guests to whom he would introduce you, with all the formality imaginable."

"Was Sir Hugh imbecile?"

"No," replied Mr. Estrelle. "On the contrary, he was an extremely able man to the last, and his language in conversation was of the most vivacious and polished character. Sir Hugh was the very opposite to a bore; even at one of his ghost dinner-parties, or ghost balls, or ghost breakfasts, at all of which I have been and acted."

"How acted?"

"Sir Hugh would point out to me the lady whom I was to conduct to the table, and would appoint the place of every one at the board. Strange to say, every lady or gentleman guest whose name he mentioned, was dead. That Sir Hugh, in his imagination, saw them, there could be no doubt. The servants, of course, humored this odd fancy of their master's, and waited on his imaginary guests, as though they had been living flesh and blood. I, too, used to humor him, by addressing Lord George This, or Lady Mary That, across the table. Sometimes, Sir Hugh would sit at the top of the long table, and put me at the bottom, and at that distance, and in a tone appropriate to the distance, invite me, in my turn, to take wine with him. No gentleman ever did the honors of the table with more grace and bearing, while his flow of witty anecdote was unceasing, and never stale or tedious. Curiously enough, he would frequently tell very amusing stories, which had for their burden the delusions of insane persons."

"But did you never hear the carriages come and go, and the music?" inquired Mrs. Walderburn.

"What carriages? what music?" said Mr. Estrelle.

"The carriages which brought the guests, and the music to which they danced."

"Never! I never saw nor heard anything of the kind, but attributed all that occurred to Sir Hugh's madness. It was the only point upon which he was mad."

Mr. Estrelle was astonished when he heard from the Walderburns the particulars of the noises which were heard on the first night of their occupancy of the mansion. It was agreed, however, that the story should not gain currency, inasmuch as it would not only create a commotion in the neighborhood, but lessen the value of the property, perhaps. It was further arranged, that, in the event of the shadowy vehicles again visiting the mansion, Mr. Estrelle should be summoned.

Six weeks passed away and not a sound was heard, save sounds for which every one could account; when, one night at half-past nine, there came that loud and vigorous rapping which bespeaks the arrival of some important personage. The Walderburn family, who where all in the drawing room, involuntarily started. The lady of the house, very much agitated, rang the bell. The footman, pale and trembling, entered the room, and was requested to open the hall door. This he refused to do, unless accompanied by some one. Mr. Walderburn and his sons went with him. There was no one at the door; but the rustling of silk dresses was again heard, and the other noises which have been already described. A groom was dispatched to Mr. Estrelle. He came and heard, as distinctly as every one else did, a repetition of what occurred on the first night, when the unseen ghosts looked in upon the Walderburn family.

People may not believe in, or be afraid of ghosts, nevertheless it is far from pleasant to inhabit a house where airy nothings take such liberties with the knocker, and whose visits defy all calculation. Mr. Walderburn therefore determined on leaving Carlville, and advertised the property to be let. He was too conscientious, however, to do so, without informing a tenant who proposed, of the cause why the family vacated so very desirable a residence.

Notwithstanding this great drawback, as it was called, the mansion was let to a Mr. Southdown; a gentleman who laughed to scorn the idea of a house being haunted, and who was so confident of the Walderburn family being under a delusion, that he took it on lease for three years. The Southdowns occupied it, however, for only four months. Of course, they offered to pay the rent, but live in it, they would not; for on one occasion, when they had an evening party of their town friends, the ghosts thought proper to join in, and two-thirds of the ladies in the room fainted.

It now became notorious, throughout the county, that Carlville was haunted; and, from that time, the mansion was locked up and left entirely to shadows and spiders. Three or four times it was put up to auction, but no one would make anything like a bid for it. An eminent builder was once sent down to inspect the house and report upon it. Mr. Walderburn, junior, accompanied him. The eminent builder at once discovered the cause of the noises. It was as "plain as a pike-staff," he said. "The portico attracted a strong current of air, which passed rapidly through it, and hence &c." The portico was pulled down. But the invisible ghosts came as usual. All the drains on the premises were then opened and examined under the supervision of the eminent builder. There was not a single rat or mouse, or other animal to be found in them. Then the eminent builder said, "it must be the trees by which the mansion was surrounded," and those stately elms and venerable oaks, which had been planted in the reign of Henry the Eighth, were cut down and sold for timber. But the ghosts visited Carlville, nevertheless. The knocker was then removed; then the door and the windows, and the remaining articles of furniture carried away. To no purpose. The same noises were distinctly heard. The land was now sold separately, and the mansion, which Mr. Walderburn would not have pulled down, was suffered to go to ruin.

About three years ago I was in the neighborhood of Carlville, the place of which I had so often heard the Walderburns speak. Curiosity prompted me to pay the place a visit. I rode over in the company of a friend, and on my way recounted to him the facts above narrated. To my surprise, I found the ruin peopled. Several poor families had taken up their abode within those walls. I asked them if they ever saw the ghosts? They replied:—"No, but we sometimes hear 'em plain enough. Howe'ever they never meddle with us, nor us with them."

"And the music?" I inquired.

"Yes, and very pleasant it is on a winter's evening, or a summer's either," responded a dark-eyed young woman, with a child in her arms.

WHY CHURCH MUSIC NEEDS A CHURCH.—In order to the devotional enjoyment of its full effect, certain accessories would seem to be indispensable. A choral service performed in a barn or in a stable, would be simply preposterous. Such a service rather demand the peculiar surroundings which Milton so eloquently describes—

> "The high embowered roof
> With antique-pillars massy proof,
> And storied windows richly dight,
> Casting a dim religious light.
> *There* let the pealing organ blow,
> To the full-voiced choir below,
> In service high, and anthem clear,
> As may with sweetness through mine ear,
> Dissolve me into extasies,
> And bring all Heaven before mine eyes."
>
> —*Musical World.*

AN ALLEGED MIRACLE TURNED TO PRACTICAL ACCOUNT.—Dr. Duff states that a few years ago a company of ascetics having lighted their sticks of dried cow-dung where veins of coal were out cropping, the black-stone caught fire, at which they were greatly astonished, and circulated the report of a new miracle, which was the special manifestation of their god of fire, who had caused the very stones to burn. Multitudes flocked to the spot; a new shrine was erected, and worship paid to the god of fire. Some Europeans hearing of it, went to the place, and soon ascertained the real nature of the miracle, which they soon turned to profitable account, by digging and working a mine that has since supplied the Ganges steamers in Upper India with coal.

PRO SLAVERY PAPER IN ENGLAND.—The New York Day Book publishes the prospectus of an English newspaper to be called the "Manchester Cotton Press," the first number of which will make its appearance in November next. It is intended to represent the cotton interest, of which Great Britain is the centre, and is established by persons connected with the various branches of the cotton trade. It will also discuss the negro question and "the nature of the negro, and investigate the laws of his wise and humane government, without relation to the abstract theories of Mr. Wilberforce and of Exeter Hall on the one hand, or to the extreme and brutal ideas of the Cuban planters on the other."

☞ A buffoon, at the court of Frances I., complained to the king that a great lord threatened to murder him, for uttering some jokes about him. "If he does," said Francis, "he shall be hanged in five minutes after." "I wish your majesty would hang him five minutes before."

☞ "Well, Mr. Grizzle," said his wife, "you needn't kick round so, and wear all the sheets out, if you *are* dying!"

☞ When do we have favorable weather for hay making? After it has "rained pitchforks."

☞ The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable, for the happy impute all their success to prudence and merit.

☞ A SCHOOLBOY'S ASPIRATION.—Oh, how I wish I were a fountain!—for then I could be always playing.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—There has been very little demand for Flour, and the market has been languid and dull during the entire week, but without much variation to note in quotations, the sales for shipment only reaching some 4000 bbls, most at $7 25 for standard superfine, made from new Wheat, at which rate it is freely offered without finding buyers. Included in the above sales are better brands at $7 37½@7 50; brandywine $8; old stock super $6 50; extra and family Flour at $8@8 50; and middlings at $4 25@4 50 and $5. A contract for 1000 bbls fresh ground superfine was also made, deliverable 20th Sept, at $6 50 ₱ bbl. The home demand has been only moderate, within the range of $6 50@7 50 for superfine; $7 50@8 50 for extra, and $9@9 25 for fancy lots, as to brand and freshness. Rye Flour has been sold to the extent of about 1000 bbls at $4 62½@4 50 ₱ bbl, mostly at the latter rate, which is a decline. Corn Meal continues in request and scarce, and about 300 bbls, all that could be had, have been taken at $4 for Penna. and $4 25 for Brandywine, mostly of the former description.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have been moderate this week, but most of it is too damp for grinding, and poor lots have been unsaleable and dull, except at very low figures; the week's sales include about 20,000 bush at $1 50 to $1 55 for inferior, and $1 60@1 67½ for prime to choice reds, and $1 55@1 75 for white, mostly at $1 70 for good lots—the closing sales being at $1 65 for prime Southern red, and $1 70 at 72 for white. Rye comes in slowly, and the receipts have been freely taken at 95c. Corn has been dull and unsettled, and with a limited demand, only about 15,000 bush have found buyers at 72@73c, chiefly at 72c for good yellow, at which rate the market closed, including some white, which is scarce and wanted at 91c. Oats—New Southern have been offered in small lots freely, and about 20,000 bushels and more have been disposed of in lots at 37@38c, as to condition—the latter for handsome. Old Oats are scarce, and wanted at very high figures.

PROVISIONS—The market for the Hog product generally continues buoyant and firm at a further advance, with a very reduced stock to operate in, most of the Western markets being nearly bare. Mess Pork is quoted at $25@25¼, and City Mess Beef at $20@20 50 ₱ bbl, with small sales. Bacon moves off as wanted at 10@10½c for plain and fancy Hams, 9@10c for Sides, the latter for clear, and 7½@8c for Shoulders. Green Meats are scarce and wanted at an advance, and some small sales only are reported at 12½@12½c for Hams, and 11@11½c for Shoulders in salt, mostly 60 days, but holders now ask more.—Lard is also scarce at 13@13½c, sales of bbls and tcs having been made at the latter rate, cash, and kegs at 16c. Cheese—No change, and sales limited.

BARK—Quercitron is scarce, and the receipts—about 150 bbls—have been taken at $40@40 50, mostly at the latter rate, for No 1; the market closing with a good demand at that figure. Tanners' Bark continues dull, with but little offering or selling, and quotations are nominally unchanged.

BEESWAX—Is wanted, but there is very little offering, and good yellow is scarce at 29@30c ₱ lb.

DRUGS AND DYES—Business has been dull and neglected in articles under this head. Among the sales, which are small, are some Arabic at 22c; Bleaching Powders, 4½c; Cream Tartar, 26c; Oil of Lemon, $3; and Soda Ash at 3½c all on the usual terms.

CANDLES—Are steady in price, with about the usual business doing in Sperm and Adamantine. Sales, however, of 200 boxes of the latter, D. Thain & Co.'s make, are reported at 22c, on time. No change in Tallow Candles.

COAL—The market continues indgnid and dull, but without any alteration in prices, and a small business only to note for the season. Allegheny Coal is also dull; the last sale was at 3c ₱ ton.

COFFEE—Stocks have been increased by the recent arrivals, but the market is inactive, owing to the firmness of holders, and only about 2000 bags, mostly Rio, have been disposed of at 11@12c, on the usual terms.

COPPER—Nothing doing. Yellow Metal sells freely at 22c, 6 months, and about 4 000 sheets have been taken at that figure.

COTTON—The late foreign news has given an upward tendency to the market, and prices are fully ¼c better; the sales during the current week, however, have amounted the aggregate of the past week to some 12 0 bales at 15 4@15 8c for Upland, and 16@17c for Orleans and Mobile, cash and time.

FEATHERS—Are dull, with a small business doing in Western at 50@51c ₱ lb.

FISH—The market is nearly bare of old Mackerel, and stock of new Fish is very light. Medium are scarce at $13@15 50, and large at $22 50. New 2's are in demand at $13 50@14, and 3's at $12@12 50 for small, and $8@9 50 ₱ bbl for large. Herring are quiet at $4 ₱ bbl. Dry Cod are scarce, but the demand is limited at $5 3 @6 ₱ cwt.

FRUIT—There have been no arrivals of Foreign this week, and the market has been very inactive, sales being limited to a few small lots Oranges and Lemons at about previous rates. Green Fruit is more plenty, and Apples are selling at from $1 ½ ₱ bbl.

GINSENG—The market continues at a stand, with but little offering or selling to establish quotations.

GUANO is coming off freely, and prices have an upward tendency. Peruvian has advanced $3 ₱ ton in New York, but rates here are unchanged.

HEMP—There is little or nothing doing in either American or foreign, and the market is without alteration.

HIDES—The demand has fallen off, and the market is dull. Sales of some 3000 are reported, part before arrival, at 27c for dry salted Tampico, and 30c for Carneas, on time, the latter to go South. A sale of 600 Western is also reported, on terms not made public; most of the recent arrivals of Western, via New Orleans, are for New York account.

HOPS—Are in limited demand, and rather dull at 28@30 ₱ lb for Eastern and Western.

IRON—There has been very little movement in the market this week, and prices rule about stationary. Some further sales, to go West, are reported, mostly on terms kept private. Lots on the spot sell as wanted at $20 for No 1, and $25 for No 2 Anthracite, at time. No other new Pig Iron or Boiler Iron. Scotch Pig is dull, and freely offered at $20, ex ship, without sales. Manufactured Iron is steady, with moderate sales of Rails and Bars at quotations. The foreign advices are more favorable.

LEAD—The only sales we hear of are 770 pigs Virginia, taken on arrival, at 5c, 3 the 100 lb, interest added, and an import of foreign, to come from a neighboring market, at the same price.

LEATHER—The stock of most kinds is light, but the market has been inactive this week, and prices the same as last quoted.

LUMBER—The receipts and sales of White Pine are moderate, and prices are unchanged, ranging at $15 for Lehigh, $16@18 for Susquehanna, and $32@33 for clear boards. Yellow Pine is dull at $12@14 for Sap Boards.—Lehigh Hemlock Boards sell as wanted at $10 9 M, and Lathes at $1 25@1 50 ₱ M, as to lots. Of Shingles the sales are limited.

MOLASSES—The market continues dull, and little or nothing doing; buyers are holding off for lower prices, and the stock is accumulating.

NAVAL STORES—Spirits Turpentine has been in request and scarce at an advance, with moderate sales at 35½c ₱ gal, mostly cash. Of Rosin about 1000 bbls common have been sold at $1,70 ₱ bbl net. Tar and Pitch are quiet.

OILS—There is more doing in Linseed Oil, and prices are up and advancing, owing to the high rates now current for seed at the East, and sales to some extent have been made at 75@76, closing firmer at the latter rate. Lard Oil is also better, with sales of 300 bbls at 91, 15, 4 mos, now held higher. Of Red Oil about 200 bbls have been sold at 75c, usual terms. Sperm and Whale are steady, and about the usual business to note at previous quotations.

PLASTER—Further sales of Soft are reported at $3 25 ₱ ton.

RICE—The market is firm, with sales of about 125 casks at 5¼@5¾c ₱ lb, usual terms, the latter for prime.

SALT—Is unchanged, but we have no arrivals or sales to note this week.

SEEDS—Are very inactive, with but little offering or selling, and the transactions in Cloverseed are mostly in small way from second hands, at $7 25@7,50 ₱ bus. Timothy is also quiet at $3,25@3 ₱ bush. Flaxseed scarce and wanted, and, if here, would bring an advance on previous prices, owing to the high rates now current in the East for Calcutta seed.

SPIRITS—There is very little doing in foreign, a prices are without alteration. N. E. Rum is steady at 32c Whiskey has been dull and unsettled, during the entire week, prices ranging at 28@31c for bbls, and 29c for hhds, with occasional sales of the former at a fraction less. Messrs. Alter & Wellington, 223 and 225 South Front street, are offering, a novelty in the way of domestic liquor, being nothing less than Whiskey made from Wheat, and bearing date 1855.

SUGAR—The market opened rather firmer, and some 300 hhds, mostly Cuba, were taken in small lots at from 8¾ to 10c, on the usual credit. The recent advices from Havana, however, have checked the demand, and buyers are holding off for lower prices before operating.

TALLOW—The market is firmer, and only moderate sparse and wanted at 11½c; some holders ask more.

TEAS—The foreign news has imparted a better feeling to the market for both Blacks and Greens, and holders are firmer in their views, but without much doing, the week's sales.

TOBACCO—The transactions have been limited, but prices are without alteration.

WINES—Are held firmly, with a moderate business doing to supply the trade at full rates; a cargo of Port has just arrived.

WOOL—The market is buoyant and firm, with fair stocks of all kinds, and a good demand from manufacturers, who take hold freely, particularly of the low medium grades at full rates. Fine Wools are also more in demand, and sales to the extent of 230,000 lbs are reported in all, including Common at 40c nett; Lambs' Wool at 42@43c, one quarter to three-quarters blood, at from 42½ to 55c, and two and extra Fleece at 60@65c, all on the usual credit.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
R. B. JONES, EXCHANGE HOTEL,
No. 77 Dock Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		Mutton.	
Roasting rib, ₱ lb	16 @18	Leg, Loin, Chp ₱ lb	8 @10
Sirloin steak	16 @16	Breast and Neck	6½ @ 8
Rump do	12½@16	Spring Lamb, whole	25@30
Cheek pieces	8 @12½	Whole carcase	4 @
Plates and Navels		Veal.	
Corned	6 @ 8	Fore quarter ₱ lb	
Tongues, fresh,	40 @45	Hind do	
Leg, each,	31@37½	Chop	
Shin	25 @40	Cutlet	
Kidney	8 @12½	Sweetbread, each	
Liver ₱ lb	6½	Pork.	
Dried Beef ₱ lb	18 @20	Young Pigs	31 75 @2 50
Lamb.		Salt and fresh lb	12 @ 14
Fore quarter	75 @87½	Feet, ₱ set	12½@ 31
Hind do	1 00 @1 12½	Tripe, ₱ lb	4 @
Chop ₱ lb	10 @25	Lard do	13 @
Calves Head, each	25 @31	Hams, sliced	14 @
		Bologna Sausage	10 @

VEGETABLES.			
Turnips bkt	42 @31	Corn potatoes bu	1 12½@1
do bbl pk	12½@ 14	do bbl	3 @
Beets bunch	4 @ 5	do bf pk	11 @
Cabbage bbl	87½@1 12½	Onions bus	— @1
do h'd	3 @ 14	Carrots doz	
Salad head	1 @ 3	Tomat's per bf peck	6 @
Green Peas bus	40 @ 45	do per basket	25 @
St'l Pole's ₱ bus	81 25@1 75	Corn per dozen	10 @
do do ₱ lb	6 @ 8	Egg Plants, each,	3 @

FRUIT.			
Apples ₱ bbl	50@1 00	Blackberries	8 @
do bf pk	12½@ 25	Whortleberries	6 @
Cranberries qt		Apricots ₱ doz	
Gooseberries ₱ qt	10 @12	Peaches ₱ basket	1 50@2
Watermelons	6½@25	do half pk	16 @
Cantelopes	6 @12		

POULTRY AND GAME.			
Spring Chickens ₱ pair	37 @ 50	Salt Fish ₱ lb	28 @
Chickens ₱ pair	37 @ 25	Woodcock	50 @
Blackbirds ₱ doz	37½	Ducks doz	25 @
		Snipe, sand,	

SHELL FISH.			
Terrapin (South'n) do	6 @8 6 00	Oysters, Absecom	
do (Ches & Del)	6 @8 8 00	₱ bbl	12 @
Lobsters ₱	8 @ 18	do ₱ M	4 00 @5
Clams ₱	2 00 @3 50	M Rip Cove W	3 00 @5
Soft Shell Crabs	1 50 @2 00	N Y do ₱ bbl	1 00 @2

FISH.			
Halibut ₱ lb	18 @12	Perch bunch	6½ @
Bass	5 @ 8	Catfish	6
Porgies	— @ 8	Eels	8
Pfounders	— @ 6	Salt Shad ₱ lb	
Cod	5 @ 6	" Mackerel	
Blackfish	— @ 8	Dry Cod	4 @
White Fish	— @ 8	Smkd Herring bunch	
Rock	8 @12½	Fresh Salmon lb	25 @

MISCELLANEOUS.			
Butter ₱ lb	22 @25	Honey ₱ lb	20
Roll do	18 @20	Sweetcake cake	
Eggs doz	20

A FREE CONCERT.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

There will be a free concert in every village in the land during the summer months, at sunrise, to continue one hour, when all persons, old and young, who might be presumed capable of relishing the entertainment, are cordially invited to attend and listen to the rare music which we offer for their amusement.

All we ask for our services is, to be let alone in the undisturbed possession of our homes and calling. The little boy who threw a stone at Mr. Bobolink and broke his wing may remain at home; he is not wanted at our concert. The great boy who robbed Mrs. Sparrow the other day, carrying away her eggs and nest, had better stay and help his mother sweep the kitchen—his presence would not add to our enjoyment. The man who threw a club at Mrs. Robin, who was picking up some worms in the garden for her children, may attend to his garden, and look after the bugs and insects himself; this would suit us better than his attendance. The little girl who got up cross the other morning, and pouted at her mother because her mother wanted to wash her face, should keep away; it is not intended for her amusement. The great girl who spends most of her time in making or altering dresses to wear at balls or other parties of pleasure, while her poor sick mother is wearing her life out to support her family, to keep them together, will take the hint that her absence will not occasion us any regret, or lessen our enjoyment; this performance would not be adapted to her nature, and she would gain no satisfaction in listening to our simple artless strains of melody. The man who spends two dollars every week for tobacco or rum, and other unnecessary articles, and neglects to pay his honest debts, the perfumes of his fetid breath would exceedingly annoy us, and we would most respectfully request him to keep at a distance. The man who takes a paper and don't pay for it, may get his music where he can find it; we won't sing to him for love or money.—The old bachelor who closed his purse the other day against a poor woman who had five small children and a drunken husband to support, may lie in bed or go fishing, or do something else; we do not court his company; if he would attend less to his own comforts and a little more to alleviate the wants of suffering humanity, we would welcome him most gladly to our entertainment.

Those who so live that the clamors of a guilty conscience may not mar the harmonies of song, will find vacant seats waiting their attendance.

Please recollect that the first ray of morning light is heralded by our sweetest notes.

Mr. Bobolink, Mrs. Robin, Mrs. Sparrow, Mrs. Jay. } The Choir.

—*Christian Messenger.*

MAN IS AS BIG AS EVER!

There is an old-world delusion, which man clings to very fondly, and builds up and propounds most confidently whenever he has an opportunity; it is the idea that he has degenerated in size and stature; that there were giants in other days; and that he is gradually dwindling down into dwarfdom. The past is ever improving this theory. In this British museum saw proof on proof that *man is very much same now as he has been since the flood.* Ours not quite a leg-of-mutton fist, and yet we could scarcely squeeze our hand into the hilt Odin's sword. We are not a Goliath of Ath, and yet we did not think the knight's ord such an unmanageable weapon. We remember once being rather disappointed in the and weight of an iron studded flail, which saw in the armory of the knights of St ohn at Malta. A comrade, however, who saw through the focus of the old delusion, instantly exclaimed, "There's a weapon! It ould task our degenerate thews and sinews to feld that, I think." "Eh, man!" said a Highland corporal, who accompanied us, there's a chiel in our company who can wurl round his head like a wurp of straw." The of our day, too, found themselves straitned in their ancestors' armor at the Eglinton ornament. Yet, spite of these evidences, the discovery of a few gigantic bones here and here, is enough to revive the old fallacy, and babblers prating of men whose heads did each the skies. We had a friend in Wales—th long since we have seen his face or heard voice, though we think of him oft—a very ercules in size and proportion, a giant formed perfect mould. Should his skeleton—long he be in becoming such—be dug up by of coming time, and taken as a type of his generation, well might they think that they had been preceded by the sons of Anak. He, too, a brother of the staff—a man who roamed world afoot. He was wont to tell a good story of the effect once produced by his great stature. He had arrived late at night at the convent of the Great St. Bernard, and proceeded to reconnoitre the premises. With this purpose he rested his chin on the half-open door the refectory, where the monks were sup

One looked up and saw this strange apparition, fell down on his knees at once, and to at his beads and aves. Brother after other was seized with the same ghostly terand began muttering and murmuring ayers and exorcisms, until our friend made proper entry, and showed that he was no vil, and so calmed the community. Ere ht ended, we believe, he had made such of the vintages of the cellar as had been ermitted to few travellers."—*Blackwood's gazine.*

☞ Humility is the most excellent natural ure for anger in the world; for he that by daily naidering his own infirmities and failings, takes the error of his neighbor or servant to e his own case, and remembers that he daily eds God's pardon and his brother's charity, not be apt to rage at the levities, or mistunes, or indiscretions of another; greater which he considers that he is very frently, and more inexcusably, guilty of.—*remy Taylor.*

☞ The Cincinnati Gazette speaks of a bigas one who loves not wisely but *two* well.

☞ If you would not have affliction visit you listen at once to what it teaches.

THE POETS OF THE SEA.

Has anything good been written about the sea? Not much, considering its poetic value. Homer never speaks of it but with "tender dread," and both he and all the other poets of old Greece, though they dealt less in the picturesque than is the fashion now-a-days, understood far better than our modern bards the comparative poetic interest of the sea. Every Homeric epithet for the sea goes to the heart, and recalls to the genuine lover of it, with an almost painful fidelity, some of his idol's numberless delights.

Shakspeare, Milton—we were going to name many others, but none ought to be named in the same breath with these two, if indeed any other in the same breath with the first;—how Shakspeare felt the sea any one who reads *The Tempest* may know; and every now and then throughout his plays he speaks of it as only he, and perhaps Æschylus, could have spoken.

The mad fludinous sea incarnadine

is one of the grandest of his lines; and there is one which we like still better. It is in that noble specimen of martial oratory which might make a coward brave, and a Quaker rush into the battle—the address of Henry V. to his soldiers before Harfleur:

Let the brow o'erwhelm it (the eye,)
As fearfully as doth the gulfed rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.

"Wild and wasteful;"—What art of Turner or of Stanfield—what richest rhapsody of Ruskinian eloquence could come within five hundred miles of that? Milton loved the sea as only a great poet can love it, though his acquaintance with it was anything but familiar. From the time when his bright chestnut hair curled about his smooth young forehead and deep poetic eyes, and he wrote in his ode *on the Nativity*, how—

The winds with wonder wist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean:
Which now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sat brooding on the charmed wave;

to the day of his consummate power when in the *Paradise Lost*, he sings, in lines of elaborately wrought and matchless melody—

As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are passed
Mozambique, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabean odors from the spicy shore
Of Araby and Ind:—with such delay
Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league
Pleased with the grateful scent; old Ocean smiles—

Milton was a worshipper of the sea. To our thinking he could have done something really worthy of it: something which would have been to the sea what *Paradise Lost* was to the land, and which the mermen and mermaidens would not have willingly let die."

THE FOLLY OF GOING TO LAW.—A novel case was decided before the Superior Court to-day. It was the case of Jarvis Curtis vs. Joseph White, of Marlboro. An action was brought before Justice Foote, of Marlboro, to recover for one day's labor at haying. The Justice rendered a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for $1. Mr. White (defendant) appealed to the July term of the Superior Court for 1856. It was put over to the December term of the court, and then R. Gilbert, Esq., of Hebron, was appointed an auditor of the case. The auditor heard the case about the first of June last, in Hebron, and awarded to the plaintiff $1,25, and made his report to the March term of the Superior Court, then in session. The case was then put over to the present term of the Court, to allow the defendant to remonstrate against the report. To-day the case came up, and judgment was rendered in favor of the plaintiff (Curtis) with double costs, amounting to $140,22. Rather a steep price for one day's work, even at haying. The value of the time that has been wasted by those persons who have attended upon this case, we are not able to state, but we understand that a large portion of the inhabitants of the surrounding towns have been more or less involved in the case, either as witnesses or friends of the parties. But the cost of that day's work alone amounted to enough to purchase a mowing machine that would cut eight acres of grass per day, or it would have paid for mowing nearly ninety-four acres of grass, at the rate of $1,50 per acre. But these are matters of no particular consequence, when we take into consideration the fact that this is a free country.—*Hartford (Conn.) Times.*

ANAGRAMS.—The making of anagrams has been the pastime of not a few of the profoundest minds. To take one word and by transposing all the letters to bring out one or more complete words, is an exercise requiring no little ingenuity. Perhaps one of the best is that which finds the phrase, "*Honor est a Nilo,*" or "Honor is from the Nile," in the name of its hero, Horatio Nelson.

Our anagram-makers should remember that the beauty of the thing is not merely to obtain words by transposition, but words that, like those from Nelson's name, are related to their origin. Here are a few specimens, by way of example:—

Astronomers—Moon starers.
Gallantries—All great sin.
Lawyers—Sly wares.
Misanthrope—Spare him not.
Monarch—March on.
Old England—Golden land.
Punishment—Nine thumps.
Presbyterian—Best in prayer.
Penitentiary—Nay I repent it.
Radical reform—Rare mad frolic.
Revolution—To love ruin.
Telegraphs—Great helps.

☞ It is no sin against our mother tongue to use words not to be found in the dictionaries, provided they are necessary, and are not manufactured barbarously. Every word must have had a beginning, and if our fathers had had no inventive genius we should have had no language.

☞ A down east editor advises readers, if they wish to get teeth inserted gratis, to go and steal fruit where his watch-dog is on guard.

☞ "I'm living on hopes," said a young clerk. "Capital idea, while provisions are high," answered a young lady.—*Post.*

TAKING A CANDIDATE FROM THE WORKSHOP.

Mr. J. P. Perham, of Dallas county, Ala., at the earnest solicitation of a large number of the citizens of Wilcox county, has announced himself as a candidate for the State Senate, in opposition to Judge Calhoun. We clip the following, in regard to his reception of the nomination and the condition in which the messenger found him, from the Selma Reporter:

The messenger, in search of Mr. Perham, was directed to the machine shop of the Alabama Manufacturing Company; and there he approached a man whom he did not know, but who had his sleeves rolled up to his shoulders, his face and clothes black and greasy with soot and oil, and, with hammer in hand, at work on an engine. "Sir," said the messenger, "I was told that I could find Mr. Perham here; will you please direct me to him?" "I am the man?" was the response. "Mr. J. P. Perham?" inquired the messenger. "Yes, sir, that is my name." The messenger stepped back and looked as if he doubted it. "Well, sir," said he, "if you are the man, here is the letter I was commissioned by a large number of the voters of Wilcox to bear to you." Perham received the letter, opened and read it, and turning to the messenger, said he: "Sir, this is a request with which I would very gladly comply were it in my power to decide. But I am employed here to put up this engine, and cannot leave without the consent of my employer." "Where is your employer?" (Just here Mr. Talbert stepped in.) "There he is," said Perham, and he handed him the letter, and asked him what answer he must give in reply. His employer read the letter and looked over the signatures. "Well," said he, "Mr. Perham, here is a long list of names, signed by gentlemen who think the country needs your services. Their request ought not to be disregarded. Throw down your hammer, wash your face, and enter the canvass; I will do your work of a night myself." Down "dropped" the hammer, and up went the people's candidate for the State Senate.

FALSE PHILOSOPHERS.

A fool will pass for such through one mistake;
While a philosopher will pass for such
Through sad mistakes being ventured in the gross
And heaped up to a system. —*Mrs. Browning.*

☞ Dobbs says that people who endorse notes, are called "sureties," for this reason, that in nine cases out of ten they are "sure," to be called upon for the money.

NEWS ITEMS.

A SINNER ABOVE ALL MEN.—A Committee of Vigilance, in Yazoo, Miss., recently compelled one Colonel Burwell Wilkes to leave the town for a crime not heretofore placed in the calendar, viz: "general meanness."

A PRECIOUS LEGACY.—The Moniteur du Calvados states that a workman of Orne, in that department, having read in some foolish book of the great properties possessed by a rope which had served to hang a man, committed suicide, and left behind him the following note:—"Farewell, my wife and children! As I have no fortune to bequeath you, I leave you an article which will enable you to succeed in all you attempt. Divide among you the rope with which I have hanged myself."

A LUCKY COOK.—The prize of 100,000 francs at the last drawing of the obligations of the city of Paris has been gained by a cookmaid. She leaves her place to enjoy her good fortune as her own mistress; but she says she will have no servant, because she thinks "servants must be very troublesome to masters."

"THE BRAVEST MAN IN AMERICA."—The recent award of General Jackson's snuff box to Major Dyckman, is creating much dissatisfaction. Some of the other "brave men" of the New York Regiment are out in a card, denying that Major D. was the "bravest of the brave," and it is said the regiment will refuse to participate in the celebration on the occasion of presenting the box. It is also said that the Major was elected Register of the city and county of New York in 1851, and turned out to be a defaulter in the sum of $24,000. His sureties were obliged to take the office in order to recover by its fees the amount of their bonds, and the matter is still unsettled.

THE INTERNATIONAL TELEGRAPH.—The laying of the international telegraph has commenced. An experiment with the whole length of the cable has been made, and proved highly satisfactory. An ominous accident marked the commencement of the enterprize, the capstan of the Agamemnon having run back while the ship was weighing anchor, and badly injured fifteen men.

POLITICAL.—The Democrats have carried one branch of the Kentucky Legislature. In the Senate there are 20 Americans and 18 Democrats, leaving an American majority of two. In the other House there is a Democratic majority of from twelve to twenty.

A CAT'S NINE LIVES IN DEMAND.—On the second day of April last, a lady in Sharon vacated a house, which remained closed and unoccupied until within a few days. At the time the house was closed a favorite cat disappeared. On Friday last the house was opened, and the cat found in a close room, from which she had no egress, still alive! She had been confined there nearly four months, without food or water. When discovered, she was about as poor a specimen of animal existence as could well be conceived of—being an almost transparent framework of skin and bone. Our informant says pussy bids fair to recover, and has a wonderful hankering after victuals.—*Warren Dem.*

RARE FOOLERY.—Mr. R. C. Jennyes, a lawyer in Troy, who has long rejoiced in the most ample and luxuriant of locks hanging gracefully over a wide and easy collar, was, recently, shorn of his hirsute glory by a committee of citizens, who had purchased of him the right to do so by paying him the round sum of one hundred dollars. The hair was removed, by a ferocious-looking barber, with a pair of shears three feet long; a supernumerary lifted each separate lock with a pitchfork, and laid them on the plates provided; while a negro, with a banjo, played the Dead March. And the lawyer arose, pocketed his $100, and went forth cropped. It was a good speculation for him.

ALMOST A SEA SERPENT.—They have not got a sea serpent in Oneida Lake, but they do the best they can towards it. They have a common angle worm caged up there alive, which measures three feet in length, and fourteen inches in circumference.

SINGULAR CAUSE OF DEATH.—A child of the Rev. Mr. Cary, of Bradford, Maine, recently bled to death from a slight puncture in the skin. This is the third child lost by Mr. Cary from the same cause. The blood lacked certain plastic constituents, and if we understand aright, is not confined to the veins, so that the least puncture of the skin causes the blood to flow till death ensues.

EVERY MAN HAS HIS PRICE.—Mr. Isidore, the Queen's hairdresser, has, it appears, not £2,000, as some writer lately stated, but only £100 per annum, for dressing the royal head. That is to say, he has more than a captain or major in the army; more, at an average, than a professor at any of the universities, and more than eight or ten of hard-working English men.

MRS CUNNINGHAM has been taken to prison from the house in Bond street. She had to be carried into a carriage on a bed, still feigning illness. One of her daughters accompanied her. When the officers came to take the mother to prison, the oldest daughter, Augusta, feigned a fainting fit.

TAKING OUT A MAN'S BRAIN, "FIXING" AND REPLACING IT.—The Harrisburg (Pa.) Telegraph relates the case of a canal boatman, who, while asleep on deck, came in collision with a bridge, which struck him on the back part of the head, and knocking therefrom the parietal bone, which was found the day after as free from extraneous substance as if it had been extracted by the hands of a demonstrator of anatomy. The wounded man was of course instantly aroused by the concussion, and what is most remarkable, rose to his feet, perfectly unconscious of the extent of the injuries he had received by the collision. The slight pain in the back of the head gave him no trouble whatever, and it was only after he had dressed himself, and one of his comrades had found the bone on deck, that he was made aware of the unfortunate mutilation of his caput.

After this discovery, Dr. Rutherford, of Elmira, was summoned, who, after washing the man's brain, and replacing it, and arranging the splinters of the adjacent parts of the skull in a proper manner, informed him that was all he could do for him. With this the wounded man departed, in a perfectly rational state, to his home. We doubt if the experience of any member of the medical profession can show a similar case to the above.

FOREIGN CONVULSIONS.—At latest accounts the revolt in India continues. The conviction in England is that the Indo-British Empire is passing through a terrible crisis, the result of which cannot be foreseen. In India, the one anxiety of the Europeans, is for large reinforcements. They who have sown the wind, now fear to reap the whirlwind.

The butchery in China continues, under the conduct of Admiral Seymour. Many junks are burned, and many Chinese slaughtered.

NINETEEN Prize-Fighters were recently arrested in New York, just as two of their number were beginning a fight at Bloomingdale. Good!

WHERE SHALL THE POST-OFFICE BE!—As this is a question which interests every citizen, and also strangers arriving in the city, it is important that it should be located in the most central and business portion of the city, therefore we would suggest that a site be selected near the great Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 Chesnut street, above Sixth, Philadelphia, as citizens and strangers all have business with that celebrated firm.

OXYGENATED BITTERS is a safe and sure remedy for Dyspepsia, Asthma and General Debility in all their various forms. Let all afflicted with any of these painful diseases, try the medicine, and they will be satisfied. It never fails.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

There are so many persons suffering from debility, consequent upon a want of appetite, that we have indeed to append the following testimony from a well-known citizen:

PHILADELPHIA, April 8, 1857.

DR C. M. JACKSON, DEAR SIR—In bearing testimony to the efficacy of your truly valuable tonic mild Bitters, I would say, that they are fully equal to the great reputation they have acquired, and so far as my experience goes, in cases of pain in the breast and loss of appetite, I can safely recommend them to the public as a valuable medicine.

Respectfully yours, JOHN TYSON,
No. 120 North Front street.

These Bitters are entirely vegetable. For sale by Druggists and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States and Canadas. Price 75 cents per bottle.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov26-tf

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. John M. Dagnal, No. 59 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th of April, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. ANDREW J. WEBSTER, to Miss LIZZIE TRIMBLE.

On the 9th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Gray, Mr. THOMPSON ERNEST, of this city to Miss FANNY RICHARDS, of Delaware.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. Richard Lewis, at Holmesburg, Mr. AMOS ECKLEY, to Miss REBECCA THOMPSON, both of Holmesburg.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Belcher, SAMUEL HOMMELWRIGHT, of Lower Merion, to SUSANNA F. CLOSSIN, of West Philadelphia.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Cox, Mr. HENRY PETERS, to Miss MARIA SCOTT, both of this city.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. D. E. Cheney, Mr. WILLIAM HAINES, to Miss LOUISA SMITH, both of this city.

On the 20th of March, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. WILLIAM A. REED, to Miss RACHEL W. WRIGHT.

On the 3 d of 7th month, by Friends' Ceremony, HENRY C. ROBERTS, of Philadelphia, to ELIZABETH S. daughter of the late Jos. Buckman, of Chester county, Pa.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, Mr. FREDERICK ROHRBACHER, to Miss EMELIA E. H. HORMANN, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev John Coleman, Mr. JULIAN GERARDIN, to Miss JOSEPHINE A. MENCH, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Wm. H. Odenheimer, D. D., Rev. ANDREW B. TAYLOR, of English Neighborhood, N. J., to LIZZIE M. daughter of the late Geo. Schetky, of this city.

On the 16th of March, by the Rev. Chas. R. Demmy, Mr. GEORGE NEAL, to Miss SUSAN HAAS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by responsible name.

On the 19th instant, Miss MARY A. MCELMOYL, aged 22 years.
On the 11th instant, Mrs. MARY SAVOY, aged 73 years.
On the 9th instant, Mrs. SUSANNAH MCCALVY, aged 81.
On the 10th instant, GEORGE SIMONS, Jr, aged 28 years.
On the 19th instant, Mrs. ELLEN MCGOLDRICK, aged 25 years.
On the 16th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE STELLWAGEN, aged 83 years.
On the 11th instant, Mrs. REBECCA STEELE, aged 56.
On the 10th instant, MARY ANN, wife of Chas. J. Haas, aged 42 years.
On the 9th instant, Mrs. ARRABELLA HAIGHT, aged 36.
At Laurelville, Del. county, on the 5th instant, MARGARET J. MURRAY, aged 72 years.
On the 7th instant, FRANK P. WHEELER, son of Ernst and Elizabeth Werner, aged 17 years.
On the 7th instant, JOHN WALLACE, aged 58 years.
On the 6th instant, in Chester county, LETITIA L. daughter of Michael Izard, of Southwark, aged 22 years.
On the 9th instant, Mrs. HANNAH NELSON, aged 74.
On the 8th instant, ELIZABETH FORNS, wife of Julius Schmith, aged 47 years.
On the 10th inst. Miss MARGARET HENRY, aged 51.
On the 11th instant, WILLIAM PERKINS, aged 23 years.
On the 10th instant, Mr. JACOB REINHARD, aged 52.
On the 10th instant, STEPHEN SMITH, aged 47 years.
On the 10th instant, in Bucks county, Pa., Mrs. ELIZABETH, wife of Henry Hawthorn, aged 29 years.
On the 10th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH KEILER, aged 35.
On the 9th instant, Mr. THOMAS TRUITT, aged 47 years.
On the 9th instant, Mr. ALEX. J. DUNN, aged 81 years.
On the 9th instant, DEBORAH, widow of the late Benj. Creason, aged 83 years.
On the 9th instant, MARY EGAN aged 30 years.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,
No. 333 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct		
" " '62	109	—
" " '67	116½	—
" " '68	116½	—
" " '85	102	—
Phila 6 pr ct	99	99½
" " new	98	99½
" 5 "		
Cam City 6 pr ct	90	95
Pitts 6 pr ct	72	75
" " coupon	74½	75
Allg'ny city 6 pr ct	62½	63
" " county "	60	65½
Alle co RR 6's	60	70
Penna		
" 6 "	84½	85
" 5 " coupon	87	88
Penn 6 pr ct	84½	85
" 5 " coupon	73	74
Kentucky 6 pr ct	101	103½
Penn RR 6 pr ct	76½	77
" " "	85	86
C & Am RR 6 pr ct	71	75
P G & N RR "	90	92½
Reading RR "	76	77½
" " 5 "	81	82
B & L RR "	87	88
Cha Val RR "	90	97½
Tioga RR "	73	75
Phil Wil & Bal		
'60 RR 6 pr ct	85	87½
Long I RR "	65	70
Sch Nav '62 "	64	65
Lehigh Nav "	82	92½
Mort "	92	93½
C & D Cl "	69	69½
Sus & Tide "	55	60
Union Canal	59	60
Will'ms & Elmira		
1st m'rt 7 pr ct	75½	75½
2d " 7 pr ct	65	65½
Catawissa "	52	52½
North Penna 6 pr ct '70	59½	59½
RAILROAD STOCK		
Cam & Amboy	93	93
Penna	66½	66½
Ben Meadow	54½	54½
North Penna	11½	11½

	Bid.	Asked.
Phil Ger & Nor	61	65
Reading	34½	35
Minehill	63	64
Haz & Lan	54	—
Chester Val	41	8
Tioga	10	—
" preferred	25	—
P W & Balt	30½	31
Long Island	11½	11½
Wilmport & Elmira	15	20
Catawissa	11	11½
CANAL STOCKS.		
Sch Nav	13	14
" preferred	23	28
Lehigh Nav	30½	31
Morris consolidated	22	23
" preferred	23	24
C & Del	99	99
Union	9½	9½
Sus & Tidewater	7	8
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	152	155
Penna	113	113½
Phila	122	123½
Far & Mec	63½	64
Commercial	51½	52½
N Liberty	56	60
Mechanics	29½	30½
Southwark	80	83
P Township	35½	37
Ken'ington	50	70
Guard	11½	11½
Western	20	25
Man & Mech	29	30
Commerce	66	68
Irailanman's	65	—
City	80½	90½
Consolidation	27½	28½
Pittsburg	57	—
M & M Pitts	60	—
Ex'ge Pitts	97	—
Kentucky	110	112
Northern, Ky	118½	120
Louisville, Ky.	113	114
Farmers, Ky.	108	110
Union, Nash Tenn	101	105
Plant's, Tenn.	101	105
Com & R Vicx	74	74
N O Gas Co	125	127

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BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 29 South Third Street.
PHILADELPHIA, August 15, 1857.

Pennsylvania.

Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis
Relief notes	¼ dis
Lancaster bk	50 dis
Erie City bk	35 dis
Bk of Newcastle	35 dis
New Jersey.	
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis
Merch bk Bridgeton	30 dis
Mech bk Flower's bk Newton	30 dis
Commercial Bk, Perth Amboy,	failed
Delaware.	
Solvent bks	par
Under 5's	¼ dis
Maryland.	
Valley bk Hagerstwn	no sale
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis
Far & Mec bk Kent co	1 dis
District of Columbia.	
Exchange bk	30 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis
New York.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis
8th Avenue bk	¼ dis
Knickerbocker bk	1½ dis
Far bk Onondaga	25 dis
Mer & Man bk Oswgo	30 dis
Ex bk Buffalo	30 dis
Empire City bk	1½ dis
Central bk	1½ dis
Champlain bk	no sale
Maine.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
Bk of Hallowell	2½ dis
Ellsworth bk	50 dis
Maritime bk Bangor	15 dis
Canton bk South China	no sale
Exchange bk	no sale
Hancock bk	25 dis
New Hampshire.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
Lancaster bk	closed
Exeter bk	failed
Vermont.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
South Royalton bk	no sale
Connecticut.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
Massachusetts.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
Rhode Island.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
Bk Repub Providence	70 dis
Canada.	
Solv bks	1½ dis
Zimmerman	no sale

Virginia.

Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis
Bk of Kanawha	10 dis
Corp'n Alexandria	2 dis
North Carolina.	
Solv bks	¼ to 1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
Georgia.	
Old bks	¼ dis
New bks	2 to 5 dis
Bk Columbus	no sale
Bk of Milledgville	no sale
Man & Mech bk Columbus	no sale
South Carolina.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
Alabama.	
Bk of Mobile	1½ dis
Other solv bks	¾ dis
Mississippi.	
All bks	uncertain
Louisiana.	
Solv bks	1½ dis
Ohio.	
Solv bks	1 dis
Bk of Circleville	45 dis
Canal bk	8 dis
Kentucky.	
Solv bks	1 dis
Indiana.	
New solvent bks	2 dis
State bk	1 dis
Shawnee bk, Attica,	no sale
Gramercy bk, Lafayette	"
Other bks	5 to 30 dis
Illinois.	
Peoples bk, Carmi,	20 dis
Rushville bk, Rushville,	20 dis
Solvent bks	2½ dis
Stock Security bk	50 dis
Missouri.	
Solv bks	1 dis
Tennessee.	
Bk of East Tenn	no sale
River Bank	no sale
Solv bks	2 dis
Small notes	2½ dis
Central bk	no sale
New bks	3 to 5 dis
Michigan.	
Solv bks	2 dis
Arkansas.	
All bks	no sale
Wisconsin.	
Solv bks	2 dis
Texas.	
Commercial & Agricultural bk Galveston	4 dis

STATE AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION.—ALL AGRICULTURISTS, STOCK BREEDERS, GARDENERS, POMOLOGISTS, INVENTORS, MANUFACTURERS, ARTISANS!!! All classes are invited to become exhibitors.

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY will hold its SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION at Powelton, West Philadelphia, on SEPTEMBER 28th and 29th, and OCTOBER 1st and 2nd ensuing, for the display of Cattle, Horses, Sheep, Swine and Poultry, Agricultural Machines and Implements, Dairy, Field and Garden Products, Seeds, Fruits, Flowers and Vegetables, the Mechanic Arts, Domestic Household and other Manufactures, Stoves, Wares and Inventions.

A PLOUGHING MATCH!!

In order to promote skill and efficiency in the important work of the Farm, a Ploughing Match will come off on the fourth day of the Exhibition, to which men and youths are invited to compete for the premiums.

To sellers and buyers of farm stock this Exhibition will afford a most favorable market.

The different Railroad Companies will carry all stock and articles to and from the Exhibition, *free of charge*, as heretofore, and will issue *Excursion Tickets* for the Four week, at the usual liberal prices.

Lists of Premiums and all other information will be furnished on application to ROBERT C. WALKER, Secretary, at the Rooms of "The Philadelphia Society for Promoting Agriculture," Chestnut St., below Seventh, South side, up stairs.

The books for the entry of articles and animals will be open on and after the 1st of September.

DAVID TAGGART,
aug22-6t President Penna. State Agricultural Society.

THE
HANNAH MORE ACADEMY,
EIGHTH & WEST STREETS,
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DELAWARE.

PRINCIPALS.—CHARLOTTE, ISABELLA and A. H. GRIMSHAW, A. M. M. D.

The Twenty-sixth Session of this Institution will commence on the first Monday, 7th of September. Professor V. VALLE is Resident French Instructor. Miss M. BROWN, Assistant in English Department. Mr. SHIELD, Writing-Master. Miss ANNIE BOYLAN, Music Teacher. For terms, apply to C. & J. GRIMSHAW.
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Wit and Humor.

ABOUT BEANS.

An important question was solved in the course of a legal investigation before a referee in this city on Saturday. Dignified and cute lawyers were engaged, and an eminent legal functionary presided. Among other things the fact was brought out that the defendant had had some beans of the plaintiff, but how many was not known. A witness was on the stand to prove the quantity, if possible. So the plaintiff's counsel went to work to extract the proof, and the following dialogue took place:

Plaintiff's Counsel—"Well, sir, do you know whether the defendant had any beans of the plaintiff?"

Witness—"Yes, sir, he had some beans."

Counsel—"Well, sir, how many beans did he have?"

Witness—"Well, I should judge from what he said—"

Defendant's Counsel—"We object to your judging. What did he say?"

Witness—"I should judge from our conversation—"

Defendant's Counsel—"We don't want you to judge. We want you to tell what he said."

[Here a dispute arose between the opposing counsel, which lasted some minutes.]

Plaintiff's Counsel—"Well, how many beans did he say he had?"

Witness—"Judging from what he said, he had *about a bushel and a-half!*"

Defendant's Counsel (sharply)—"You have been told repeatedly that we did not want you to judge. We want you to tell what he *said*."

Witness—"Well, if you want to know exactly what he *said*, I can tell you."

Counsel—"Go on, then, and tell what he said."

Witness—"Well, he said he had beans enough to *last a good while!*"

This brought an explosion from the Court, lawyers, witnesses and spectators. It settled the question that beans enough "to last a good while" is a "bushel and a-half."—*Onetgo Palladium.*

Anecdotes of O'Connell.—We breakfasted at Mr. Clancy's house, at Charleville. Mr. O'Connell talked away for the amusement of the party who had assembled to meet him.—"I was once," he said, "counsel for a cow-stealer, who was clearly convicted—the sentence was transportation for fourteen years.—At the end of that time he returned, and happening to meet me, he began to talk about the trial. I asked him how he always had managed to steal the *fat* cows? to which he gravely answered: 'Why, then, I'll tell your honor the whole secret of that, sir. *Whenever your honor goes to steal a cow*, always go on the worst night you can, for if the weather is very bad, the chances are that nobody will be up to see your honor. The way you'll always know the fat cattle in the dark, is by this token—that the fat cows always stand out in the more exposed places—but the lean ones always go into the ditch for shelter.' So," continued O'Connell, "I got that lesson in cow-stealing gratis from my worthy client."

We spoke of the recent political meetings; and, alluding to a certain orator, I observed that when a speaker averred with much earnestness that his speech was unpremeditated, I never felt inclined to believe him. Mr. O'Connell laughed. "I remember," said he, "a young barrister named B——— once came to consult me on a case in which he was retained, and begged my permission to read for me the draft of a speech he intended to deliver at the trial, which was to come on in about a fortnight. I assented; whereupon he began to read: 'Gentlemen of the jury, I pledge you my honor as a gentleman, *that I did not know until this moment I should have to address you in this case.*' 'Oh, that's enough!' cried I; 'consult somebody else—that specimen is quite enough for me!'"—*Cor. New York Tablet.*

Jerroldiana.—"That tune," said somebody in the company once, "always carries me away with it." "Will nobody whistle it?" said Jerrold, instantly.

The late Mrs. Glover, at another time, was complaining that her hair turned gray, and attributed it to her using essence of lavender.—"Nay, my dear lady, essence of thyme," (*time*) was his remark.

"Call that a kind man?" said an actor, speaking of an absent acquaintance—"a man who is away from his family, and never sends them a farthing! Call that kindness?" "Unremitting kindness," Jerrold chuckled.

Once a man was rather boring the people assembled, by asking them to guess what he had had for dinner. At last he revealed it—he had enjoyed a dish of "calves' tails." "Extremes meet," was Jerrold's instant compliment.

Mr. Albert Smith was the target for one of Jerrold's keenest and wittiest shafts. The hero of Mont Blanc was once, in Jerrold's company, not over modestly insinuating a resemblance between his own writings and those of Goldsmith. "A great deal of the *Smith*, but very little of the *Gold*," was Jerrold's pithy and sarcastic comment.

Flesh is Grass.—Bishop Hughes, in a sermon to his parishioners, repeated the quotation that "All flesh is grass." The season was Lent, and a few days afterwards he encountered Terrence O'Collins, who appeared to have something on his mind.

"The top o' the mornin' to your riverence," said Terrence; "did I fairly understand your riverence to say 'All flesh is grass,' last Sunday?"

"To be sure you did," replied the bishop, "and you are a heretic if you doubt it?"

"Oh, divil a bit do I doubt anything your riverence says," said the wily Terrence; "but if your riverence plases, I wish to know whether, in this Lent time, I could not be after having a small piece of bafe, by the way of a salad?"

Going it Strong.—The Bangor Whig mentions a case of getting married, where the bridegroom came down to Bangor from Carmel and purchased a pair of white silk gloves and *two gallons of New England Rum!* to celebrate the nuptial ceremonies.

SEA-SHORE SCENE.

The course of true love never yet ran smooth! Here's poor Young Wiggles anxious to meet the being he adores, but cannot do so, because the newly-pitched boat upon which he has been sitting, has caught him Alive O!

Another Greek Slave by the Powers.—One of the neatest things that has been done in these parts, and one of the best jokes of the season, recently came off at New Rochelle, one of the suburbs of New York. The belles at the Neptune House proposed to the beaux to have a series of tableaux; a committee was chosen, and in a day or two the programme was published. Much that was funny, fair and historical was to be presented. But what attracted general attention was the proposed tableau of the "Greek Slave." How this was to be done no one could just see. To make a representation of that wonderful work of art, and at the same time to present a representation proper for a mixed assembly to look upon was a marvel. The room was crowded—and as the time came near to present the "Greek Slave" the gentlemen looked dubious. Many a fair cheek was intensely crimson—and some hearts palpitated. The curtain was rung up, and the sight called out one of the most violent bursts of laughter and applause that ever shook a room in New Rochelle. All alone, in the centre of the stage, stood an Irishman, in rags, with a shocking bad hat on his head—with a hod on his shoulder, filled with bricks—wiping the sweat from his forehead, and giving the fair assembly one of those broad grins and knowing nods so peculiar to Paddy when he wants to be facetious. The thing took in a moment, and the fair inventors were rewarded with rounds of applause from the auditory, which they most richly merited.—*Cor. Boston Journal.*

Bewildered Boys.—Three wild mudlarks were recently captured by a young divine, and brought into a Sunday-school in New York, where they were severally questioned, as follows:—"What is your name?" "Dan," replied the untaught one who was first interrogated. "Oh, no! your name is Daniel; say it now." "Daniel." "Yes; well, Daniel, take your seat." "And what is your name?" was interrogated of number two. "Sam," ejaculated the urchin. "Oh, dear, no! it is Samuel. Sit down, Samuel. And now let us hear what your name is, my bright little fellow," said he, turning to the third. With a grin of self-satisfaction, and a shake of the head that would have done honor to Lord Burleigh, the young catechumen boldly replied, "Jimuel, your honor." This reminds us of the story of the bewildered little Dutch boy, who, when first introduced to an English school, heard one of his playmates called up, and questioned. "Well, little boy, what's your name?" "Aaron." "Well, then, spell it." "A great man entirely." The absolute rest for so long a period, possibly a dose or two of physic, and the cool moisture, to a great degree allaying the fevered ailment of the foot, produced the change of the practitioner boasted of having effected. I am not prepared to say but that the cutting through the crust of the foot, rude and unnecessary as was the operation, might not aid the return of the foot to its natural size; for, if fever had contracted it and caused it to shrink, so a return, or partial return, to a healthy state would cause a disposition to expand; and this slashing practice enabled it to do so simply by weakening the crust—an effect to be produced by a far neater and more scientific process, namely, rasping the wall or crust till it manifests the required yielding property, so as not to militate against any efforts nature, aided by art, might make towards a reinstatement of the foot to its original health and size.

There are three symptoms by which we may judge of something wrong existing in the internal foot—the horse going lame, showing indication of pain, or outward appearance; and here let me observe there are diseases that may neither lame, subject the animal to pain, or alter the outward appearance of the foot, and yet be going on. Of course in such case we are, and must be, in the dark; for it is quite clear that, while no symptom of disease appears, no remedy would be applied; not even when lameness, or manifestation of pain, challenge our attention, can we at all times come to a definitive conclusion as to the exact cause of the ailment. It is thus where the operation of neurotomy (or, in common term, nerving) has been performed: it stops all lameness from pain, or even the sensation of pain felt by the animal; but in very many cases the disease continues its insidious course, till a small blow from any obstacle on the road causes the horse to cast off his entire hoof, as we might a slipper. Thus it will be seen that, though the internal part of the foot withers and loses its vitality, it does not invariably follow that the crust diminishes in accordance with it; thus a horse may have apparently a sound and healthy-looking foot, yet be the unfortunate owner of a very diseased one.